



No.92

OCT...TEN CENTS



Detective COMICS

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



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*Because the War Production Board has ordered a reduction in the use of paper, MORE FUN and ADVENTURE will be published bi-monthly; ALL-FLASH, ALL-STAR COMICS, WONDER WOMAN and MUTT & JEFF will become quarterlies; ALL-AMERICAN will be published only eight times a year, and PICTURE STORIES FROM THE BIBLE only twice a year until further notice.

WANT
ACTION
?



WANT
MYSTERY
?



WANT
LAUGHS
?



LOOK FOR THE
SUPERMAN-DC SYMBOL...

IT'S YOUR GUARANTEE
OF THE BEST IN
MAGAZINE COMICS!



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Printed in U.S.A.

BAT MAN

WITH
ROBIN
THE BOY WONDER

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

THEY WERE HUNTED MEN... CRIMINALS AT LARGE... THEIR FACES STARING OUT OF EVERY REWARD POSTER IN THE STATES! BUT THEY WERE VALUABLE, THESE OUTLAWS... VALUABLE BECAUSE OF THE PRICE ON THEIR HEADS! HUMAN BOOTY INDEED, THIS BAND OF HOUNDED MEN AFRAID OF THEIR OWN SHADOWS!

BUT WHAT HAPPENS WHEN THE JACKALS OF GANGLAND GO AFTER THIS LEGAL BOOTY? YES... WHEN CROOKS GO ROB-BERHUNTING, THEY SNARE MORE THAN THEY BARGAINED FOR IN THE LITHE, CAPED FORMS OF THE BATMAN AND ROBIN, THE BOY WONDER, CROOK-CATCHERS EXTRA-ORDINARY!

FOLLOW THE TRAIL OF A TRIO OF THIEVES WHO FORGOT TO REMEMBER THAT TOO MANY CROOKS SPOIL THE BROTH IN...
"CRIME'S MAN-HUNT"



HILARITY HOLDS SWAY IN THE FASHIONABLE HOME OF CARTER VAN ALT AS A ROLICKING CONGA LINE WEAVES ACROSS THE DANCE FLOOR...



SUDDENLY THREE GRIM FIGURES MENACE THE MERRYMAKERS...

KEEP SWINGING, FOLKS!
RIGHT THIS WAY---
AND KEEP YOUR
HANDS HIGH!

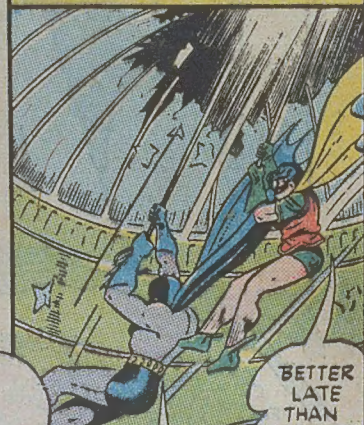
THE
WAITERS?

OH! OH!
...IT'S A
HOLD-UP!
... MY
JEWELS!

AH-AH!
NO HOLDING
OUT!
IS THAT
NICE!

CAN'T
SOMEBODY
STOP
THEM?

THEN, MIRACULOUSLY, THAT
DESPERATE PLEA IS AN-
SWERED--FROM THE BALL-
ROOM'S CRYSTAL-DOMED ROOF..



THAT'S MY
CONTRIBUTION!

SORRY MINE
MISSED THE
BAG!

THE
BATMAN
AND ROBIN!

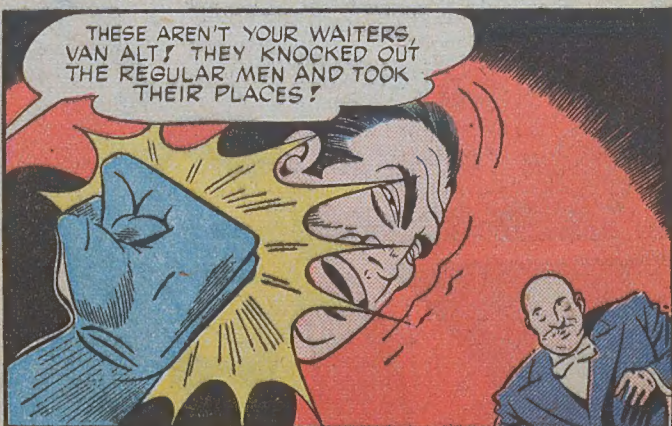
BETTER
LATE
THAN
NEVER!

STRAIGHT
FOR THEIR
MARK
THE
DYNAMIC
DUO
PLUNGE!

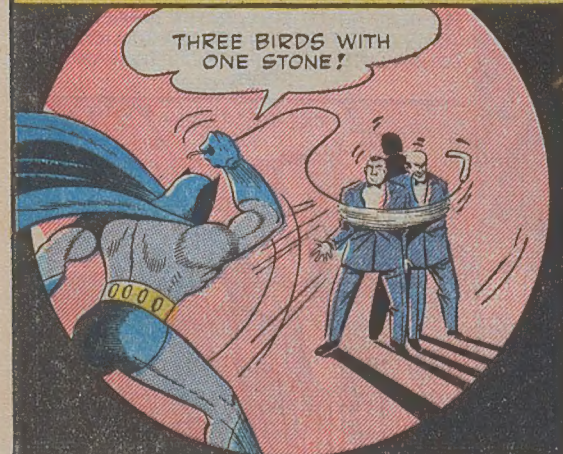


COMING!

THESE AREN'T YOUR WAITERS,
VAN ALT! THEY KNOCKED OUT
THE REGULAR MEN AND TOOK
THEIR PLACES!



NEXT MOMENT, THE FLASH OF THE
BATARANG THRU SPACE, AND THE TRIO ARE
SNARLED IN BOLO FASHION...



THREE BIRDS WITH
ONE STONE!

AND THE BIRDS BECOME JAIL BIRDS...



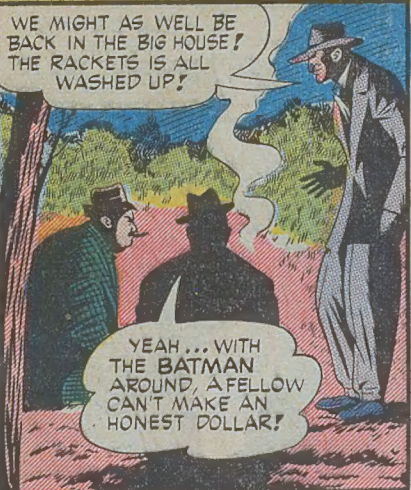
CRIME---

DON'T---

PAY??



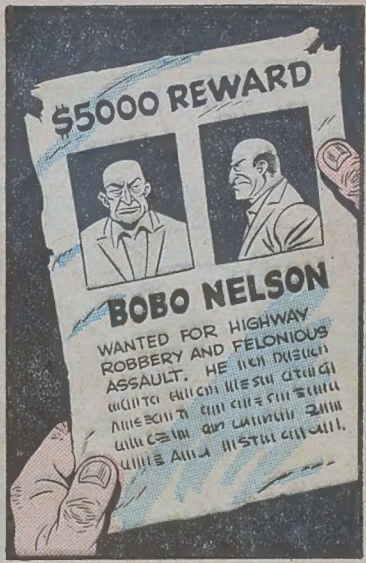
ONE YEAR LATER---THREE DISILLUSIONED EX-CONVICTS FACE THE BLEAK FUTURE...



WE MIGHT AS WELL BE BACK IN THE BIG HOUSE! THE RACKET IS ALL WASHED UP!

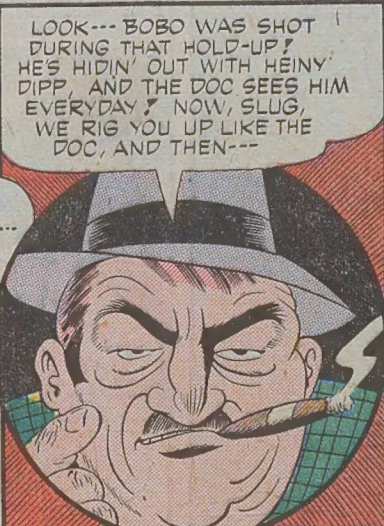
YEAH... WITH THE BATMAN AROUND, A FELLOW CAN'T MAKE AN HONEST DOLLAR!

AN HONEST DOLLAR--- YOU GOT SOMETHIN' THERE, SLUG! THE RACKETS ARE WASHED UP! BUT I GOT AN IDEA---A RACKET THAT'S SAFE AND LEGITIMATE! LOOKA HERE---



USE YOUR BRAINS THE WAY I DO, SLUG! WE BRING IN BOBO---AND THAT FIVE GRAND IS OURS! THEN WE CAN GO AFTER DOZENS OF THE OTHER REWARDS! LISTEN...
YEAH, BUT WHAT'S THAT TO US?

GEE, BRAINY---IT'S A PERFECT RACKET--- AN' HONEST, TOO!



LOOK--- BOBO WAS SHOT DURING THAT HOLD-UP! HE'S HIDIN' OUT WITH HEINY DIPP, AND THE DOC SEES HIM EVERYDAY! NOW, SLUG, WE RIG YOU UP LIKE THE DOC, AND THEN---

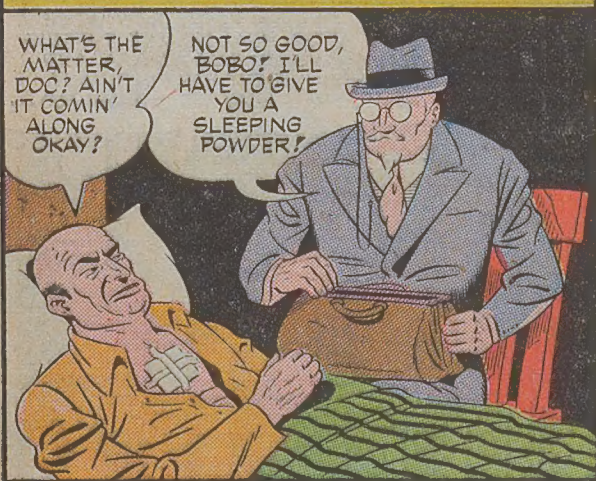


THE NEXT MORNING... HEINY OPENS HIS DOOR TO THE DOCTOR AS USUAL---BUT---

TODAY YOU COME EARLY, DOCTOR, NO? YOU---

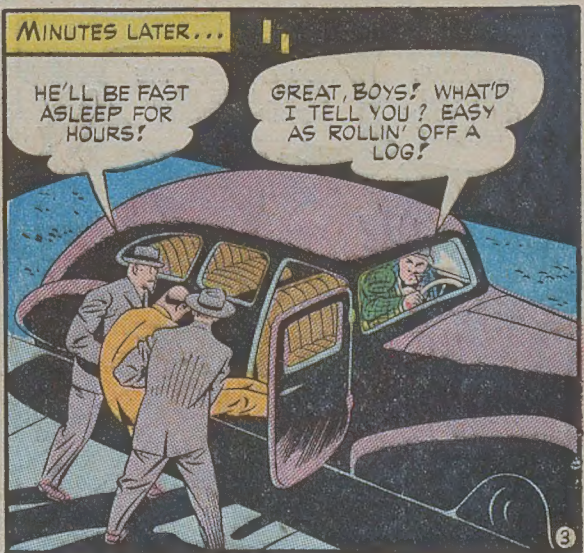
THIS IS WHAT THE DOCTOR ORDERED, HEINY!

BOBO NELSON'S USUAL QUICK SUSPICION IS DULLED BY FEAR...



WHAT'S THE MATTER, DOC? AIN'T IT COMIN' ALONG OKAY?

NOT SO GOOD, BOBO! I'LL HAVE TO GIVE YOU A SLEEPING POWDER!



MINUTES LATER...

HE'LL BE FAST ASLEEP FOR HOURS!

GREAT, BOYS! WHAT'D I TELL YOU? EASY AS ROLLIN' OFF A LOG!

A WEEK LATER...

PRETTY SOFT, BRAINY---FIVE GRAND AND "THE THANKS OF THE COMMUNITY!"

BETTER THAN DUCKIN' THE COPS, EH, SLUG? NOW LET'S GET DOWN TO BUSINESS! "TWISTY" HERMAN'S GONNA BE OUR NEXT MEAL TICKET!



YEAH, BUT TWISTY IS HIDING OUT OVER IN JERSEY! HE NEVER COMES OVER THE STATE LINE!

SEVEN AND A HALF GRAND!

THAT'S WHERE I COME IN, BOYS! NOW LISTEN!...



NEXT DAY, AT TWISTY HERMAN'S RAMAPO MOUNTAIN HIDEOUT...

NIFTY HIDEOUT YOU HAVE UP HERE, TWISTY! SAFE FROM NEW YORK COPS TOO!

YEAH, BRAINY! THAT'S WHY I BROUGHT YOU TO THIS HILL! I LIKE TO COME HERE AND LAUGH AT THEM! THAT'S NEW YORK, DOWN THERE BUT THIS IS JERSEY---



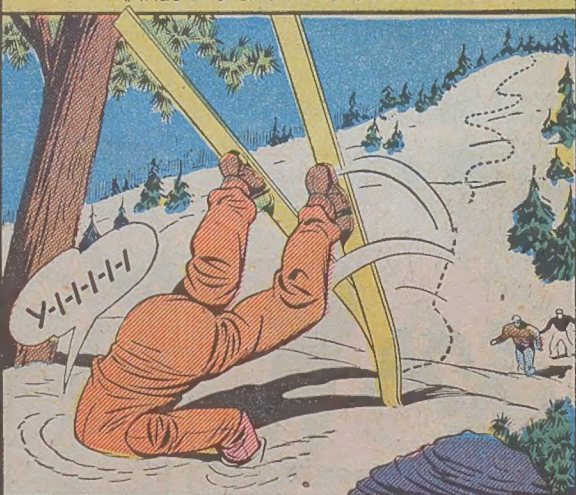
SUDDENLY...

SURPRISE! HAPPY LANDING!

HEY---WHAT'S THE IDEA? I'M OFF-BALANCE-A-A-R-K!



PROPELLED BY BRAINY'S TREACHEROUS SHOVE, TWISTY MAKES A DISASTROUS DESCENT...



---BUT "AID" COMES SWIFTLY!

WELCOME BACK TO NEW YORK TWISTY!

YOU CROSSED THE STATE LINE IN NOTHING FLAT!



SUCCESS! AND AS THE LOOT PILES UP, THE RACKETEERS MOVE TO MORE PALATIAL QUARTERS...

PRETTY SOFT! AND ALL GOOD, HONEST DOUGH!

THAT'S CHICKEN FEED! NOW WE'RE GOIN' AFTER REAL DOUGH! THERE'S TEN GRAND ON SAM AZARRA, AND HE'S HIDIN' RIGHT HERE IN TOWN! NOW HERES HOW WE'LL GRAB HIM...



NEXT DAY, WARY SAMAZARRA CAUTIOUSLY OPENS THE DOOR OF HIS APARTMENT...

WINDOW WASHER?

YOU'RE A NEW MAN, EH? AWRIGHT, COME IN--- AND GET DONE WITH IT IN A HURRY!



THREE LITTLE PELLETS TUMBLE NOISELESSLY INTO THE WINDOW WASHER'S SCRUB-PAIL...

OUTSIDE THE CLOSED WINDOW, THE WASHER TOILS INDUSTRIOUSLY...

GO TO SLEEP, MY BABY, MY BA-A-BY!

THOSE SLEEPING GAS TABLETS ARE BEGINNING TO WORK!



SO-O-O SLEEPY... CAN'T KEEP MY--- EYES--- OPEN---



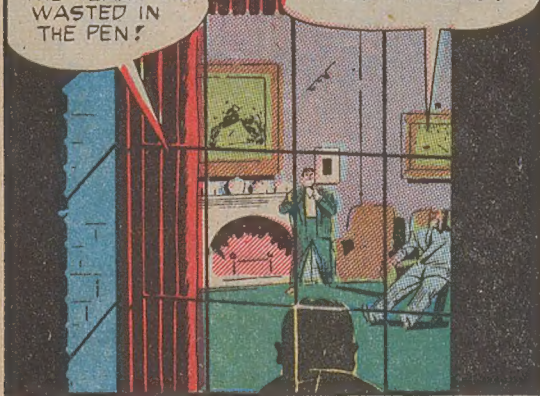
THAT'S OKAY, BROTHER! NOW YOU'RE READY FOR DELIVERY--- C.O.D! YES, SIR--- THE D.A. WILL SHELL OUT TEN GRAND FOR YOU!



REWARDS! REWARDS! THE GOLDEN HARVEST ROLLS IN!

TEN GRAND! GEE, BRAINY, I HATE TO THINK ABOUT THE YEARS WE WASTED IN THE PEN!

YEAH, BUT WHAT DO WE DO NOW? WE'RE RUNNIN' OUT OF GUYS TO GRAB!



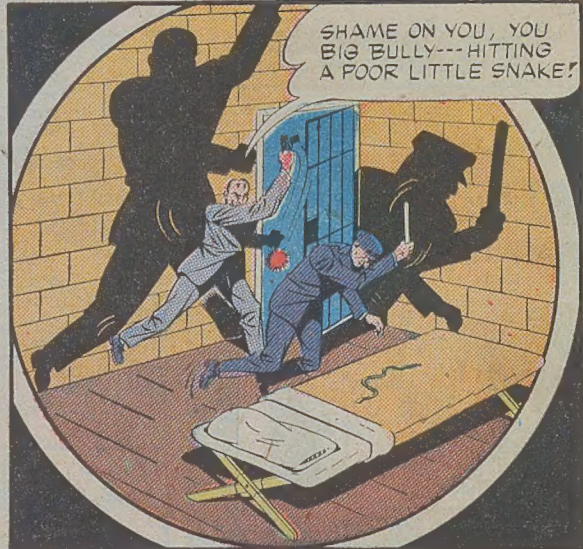
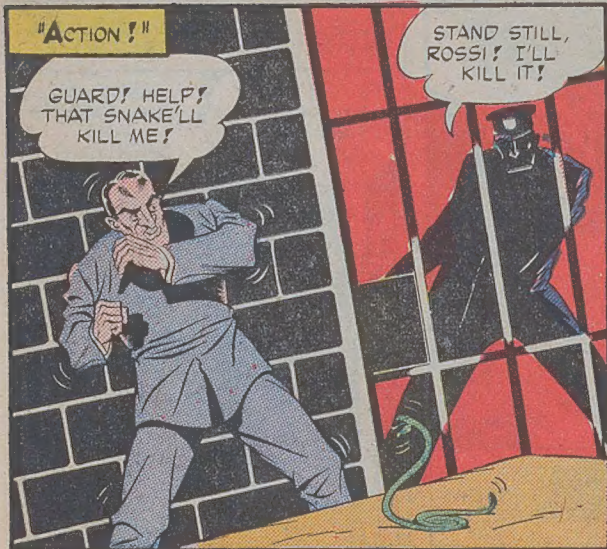
NO MORE GUYS TO GRAB? THE PEN IS FULL OF THEM! ALL WE GOTTA DO IS SPRING A GUY, WAIT FOR THE REWARD FOR HIS RECAPTURE, AND THEN HAND HIM BACK AGAIN! NOW LET'S SEE--- THERE'S NICK ROSSI---



PRESENTLY, HALF A DOZEN GIFT RADIOS ARRIVE AT STATE PRISON--- BUT THE ONE DESTINED FOR NICK ROSSI'S CELL PRODUCES MORE THAN MUSIC!

THINK OF FINDING YOU HERE! HEH. HEH--- YOU SURE LOOK MEAN, BABY! ... HERE'S WHERE I GO INTO ACTION!





THE GUN AND THE GUARD'S UNIFORM
OPEN THE PRISON DOORS---TO WHERE
BRAINY WAITS...



AND NOW, THE NEXT ACT
IN THIS DRAMA OF
DUPLICITY...

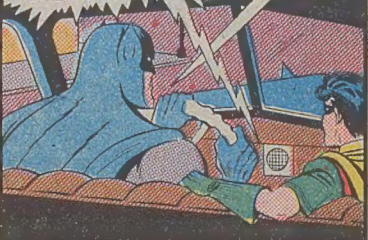
SO TONIGHT HENCELL
WILL BROADCAST THE
TIP I SENT HIM, AND
ROSSI WILL BE SCARED
STIFF! I COME TO SNEAK
HIM OUT OF TOWN---AND
YOU TWO SOCK HIM
WHEN WE COME OUT!



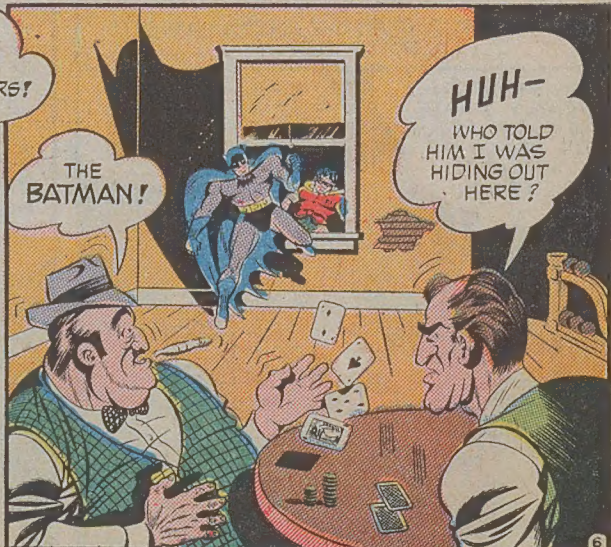
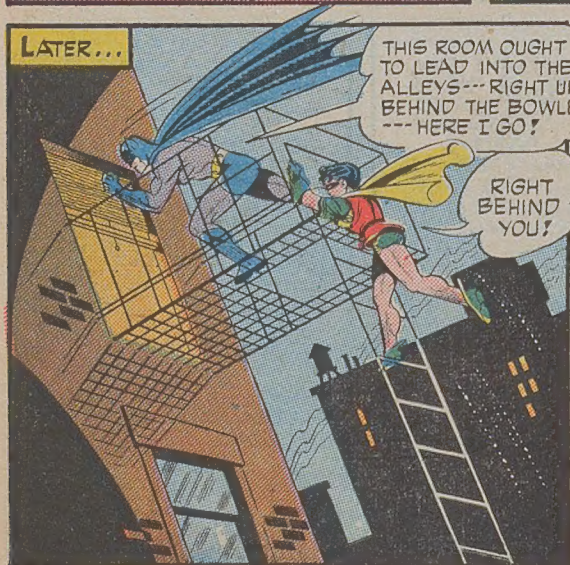
BUT THAT NIGHT WALLY
HENCELL'S GOSSIP BROADCAST
IS PICKED UP BY
UNEXPECTED EARS...

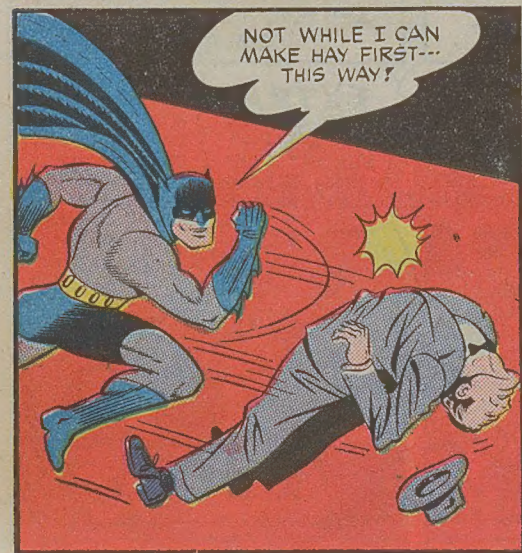
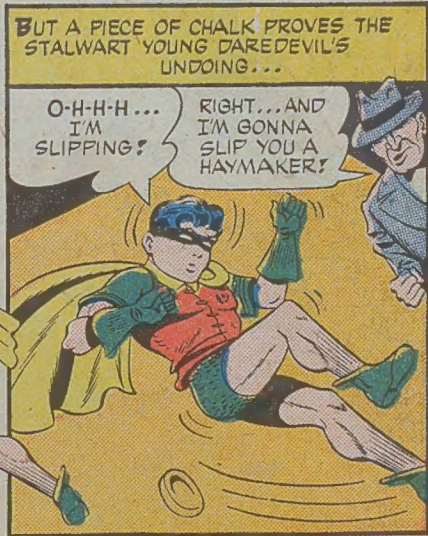
...AND I HAVE
IT ON GOOD
AUTHORITY THAT
PUBLIC ENEMY
NICK ROSSI
IS HIDING IN A
CERTAIN WATER-
FRONT BOWLING
ALLEY...

"A WATERFRONT,
BOWLING ALLEY
---THAT MUST
BE DUNN'S!
SUPPOSE
WE TAKE A
LOOK,
ROBIN?"



LATER...

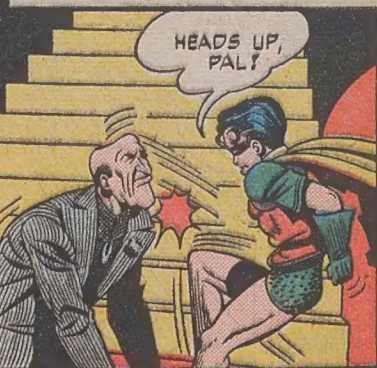
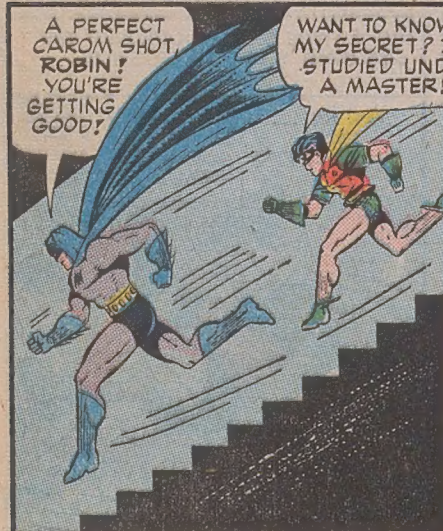




ROSSI REACHES THE HEAD OF THE STAIRS---TO FIND THE WAY TO FREEDOM BLOCKED BY A MERE BOY!



AND AT THAT MOMENT BRAINY'S WILD SHOUTING BRINGS A RESPONSE



IN A FLASH THE PEERLESS PAIR HAVE THEIR MAN---ON THEIR WAY TO THE WAITING BATMOBILE...

NEXT DAY, BRAINY'S BEAUTIFUL GOLDEN BUBBLE HAS BURST...

AND THEN COMES THE BOOMERANG!



IN FAR MORE COMFORTABLE SURROUNDINGS THE SAME HEADLINES INTEREST BRUCE WAYNE AND DICK GRAYSON...

H-M-M---SO THERE'S A REWARD OUT FOR BRAINY FOR HELPING ROSSI! BREAK JAIL! THAT'S ONE REWARD BRAINY WON'T GO AFTER!

BUT THE BATMAN WILL! TURNING IN CROOKS FOR THE REWARDS IS ONE THING--- BUT ARRANGING JAIL-BREAKS IS QUITE ANOTHER MATTER!

the NEWS
HUGE REWARD FOR BRAINY

BRAINY WILL BE IN HIDING, SO WE'LL NEED BAIT TO BRING HIM OUT --- BAIT HE CAN'T RESIST! LET'S SEE NOW...

MAYBE SOME OF THESE ROGUES GALLERY VALENTINES WILL HELP YOU!

REWARD

SO, IN A FEW DAYS, A NEW REWARD NOTICE IS CIRCULATED THROUGHOUT GOTHAM CITY...

THE FERRET EYES OF THE UNDERWORLD SPY THE STARTLING POSTERS...

WHO IS SOUPY McCUE? THAT QUESTION IS ON HUNDREDS OF LIPS, BUT NOBODY SEEMS TO KNOW--- UNTIL---

\$25,000 REWARD
FOR THE CAPTURE OF
SOUPY McCUE

ON THE NIGHT OF MARCH 10th THIS VETERAN CRACKSMAN AND EX-CON-VICT BROKE INTO THE SAFE OF THE GOTHAM JEWELERS AND MADE OFF WITH GEMS TO THE VALUE OF MORE THAN \$250,000. THE MISSING GEMS ARE DESCRIBED AS FOLLOWS:

TWENTY-FIVE GRAND! - AND NO QUESTIONS ASKED! OH, BOY!

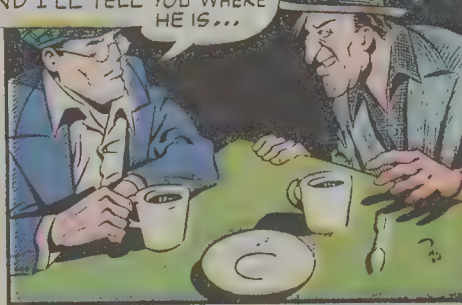
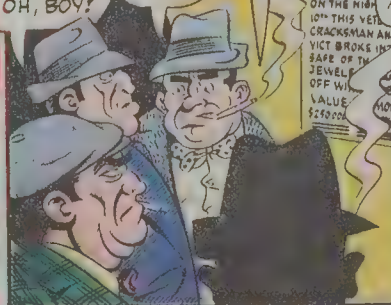
GEE, I'D TURN MYSELF IN FOR THAT!

WHO IS THIS SOUPY McCUE?

\$25,000 REWARD
ON THE NIGHT OF MARCH 10th THIS VETERAN CRACKSMAN AND EX-CON-VICT BROKE INTO THE SAFE OF THE GOTHAM JEWELERS AND MADE OFF WITH GEMS TO THE VALUE OF MORE THAN \$250,000. THE MISSING GEMS ARE DESCRIBED AS FOLLOWS:

YEAH, I KNOW WHERE SOUPY McCUE IS HIDING! I TAKE FOOD UP TO HIM EVERY NIGHT! ---SLIP ME A HUNDRED SMACKERS AND I'LL TELL YOU WHERE HE IS...

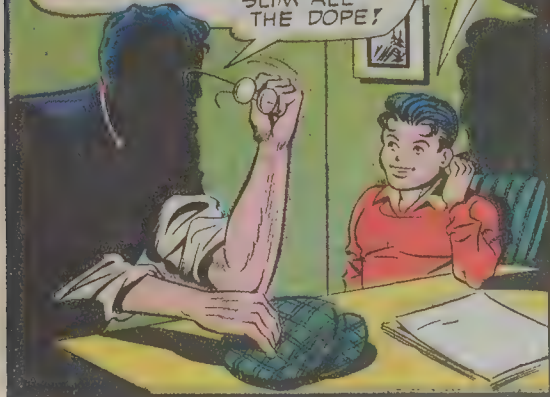
SURE, PAL! HAVE ANOTHER COFFEE! HOW ABOUT SOME PIE?...



HALF AN HOUR LATER...

IT WENT OFF LIKE CLOCKWORK! FOR A COUNTERFEIT HUNDRED-DOLLAR BILL AND A HAMBURGER I GAVE SLIM ALL THE DOPE!

AND TONIGHT WE GO TO WORK!

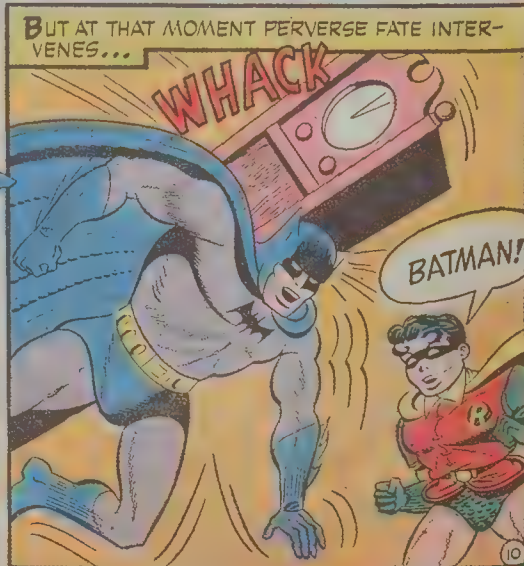
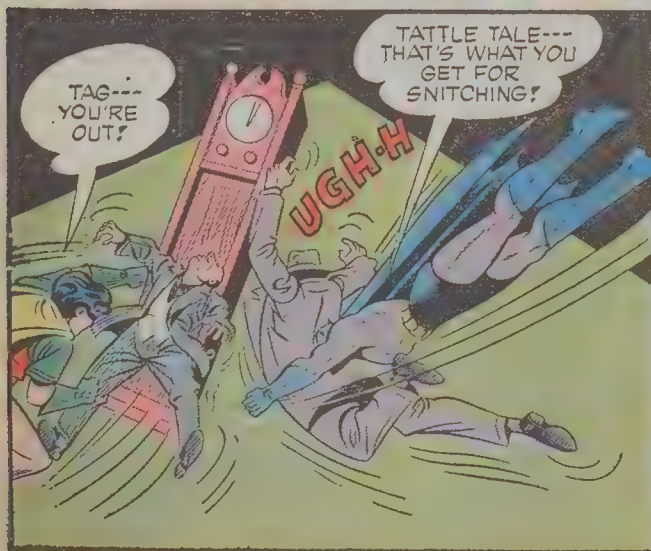
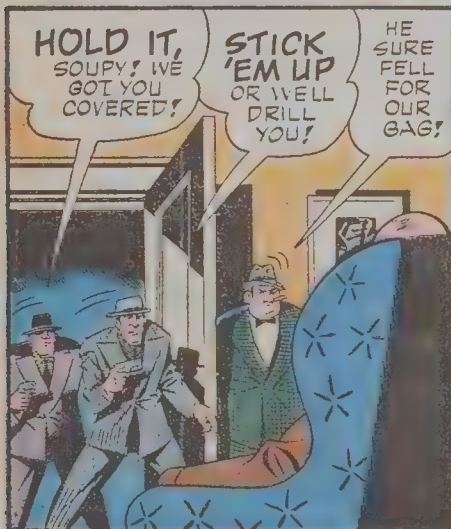
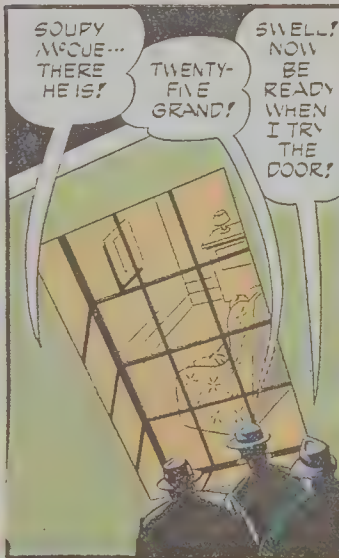


AND AT THAT VERY MOMENT...

TWENTY-FIVE GRAND! I CAN'T COLLECT IT BUT SLIM CAN! THEN WE CAN BLOW THIS TOWN AND START UP SOMEWHERE ELSE--- WITH NO PESKY BATMAN TO MUSCLE IN ON US!

IT'S A CINCH, BRAINY!

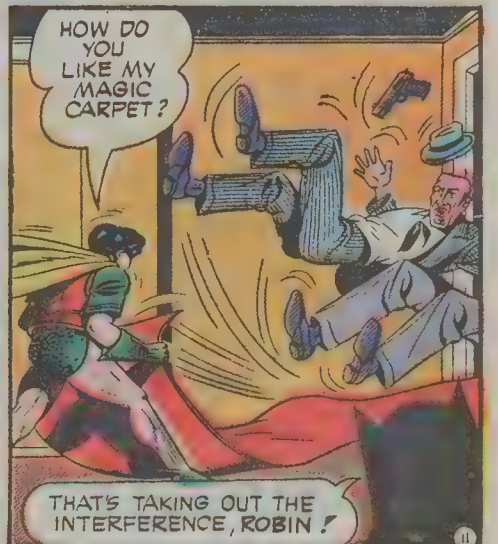
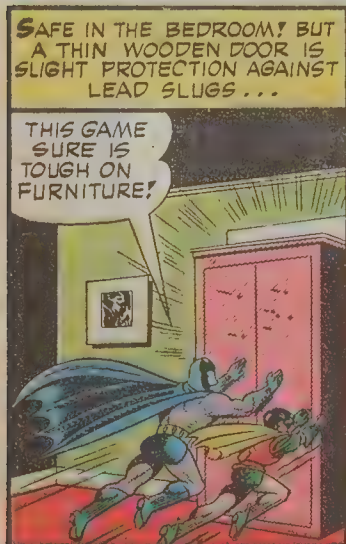
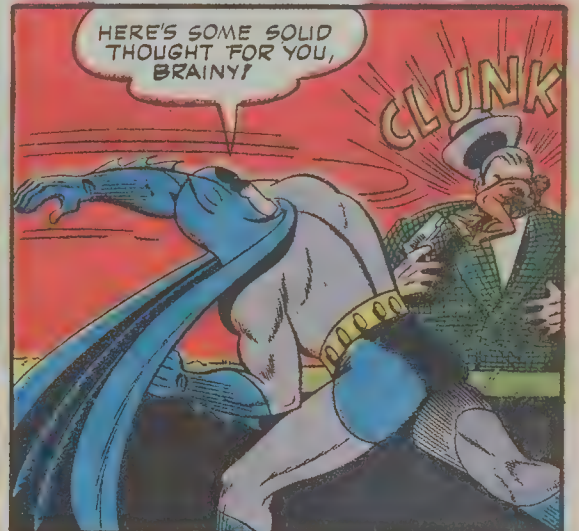
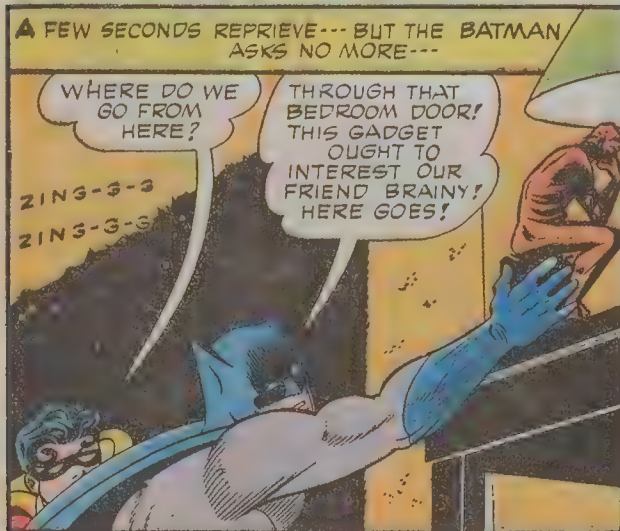
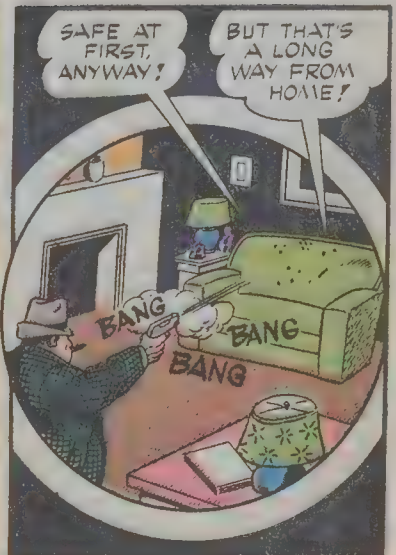




DAZED, THE BATMAN IS MOMENTARILY HELPLESS---AND THAT SPLIT SECOND IS ALL BRAINY NEEDS...



THE TRIGGER-FINGER TIGHTENS--- BUT EVEN AS DEATH BLASTS FROM THE GUN THE BATMAN SPEEDS INTO ACTION...

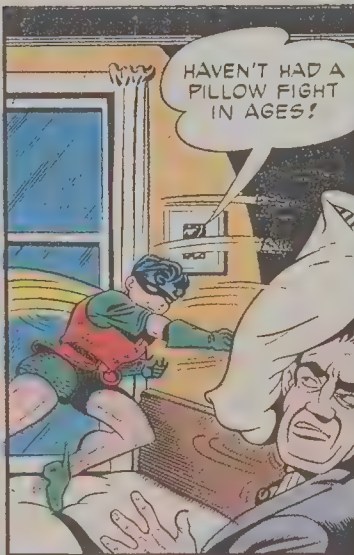
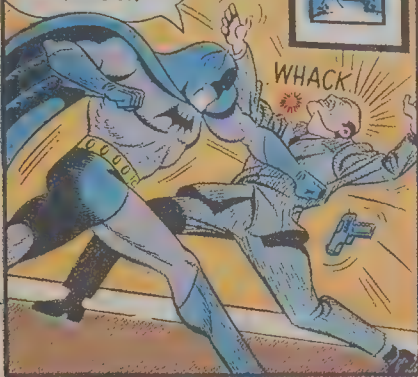


FISTS AGAINST BULLETS, THE BATMAN LEADS THE WAY...

EVEN A RAT FIGHTS WHEN HE HAS HIS BACK TO THE WALL!

O-O-O-F

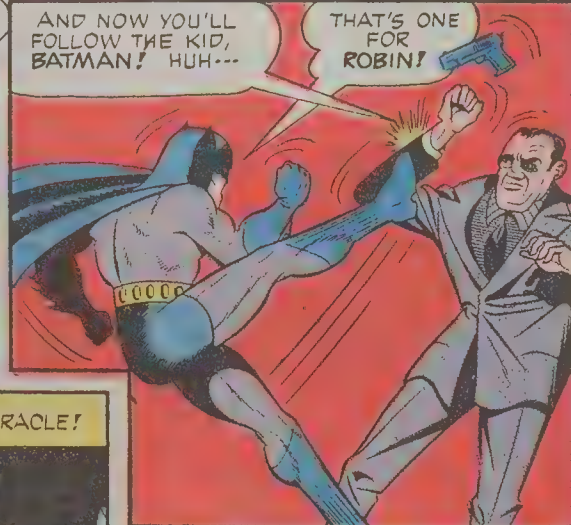
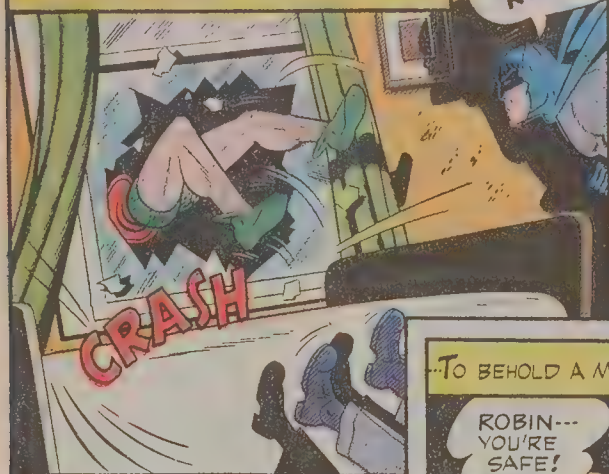
WHACK



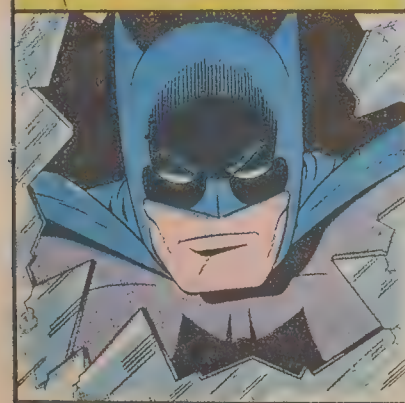
SUDDENLY, SLUG BRACES HIS FEET AGAINST THE BED AND GIVES A TREACHEROUS SHOVE...



---AND WINS FAR MORE EFFECTIVELY THAN HE DARED HOPE!



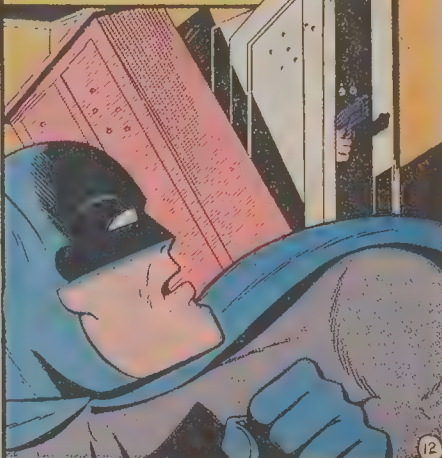
SICK WITH CERTAINTY OF WHAT HE WILL SEE, THE HEART-BROKEN BATMAN STRIDES MECHANICALLY TO THE WINDOW...



...TO BEHOLD A MIRACLE!



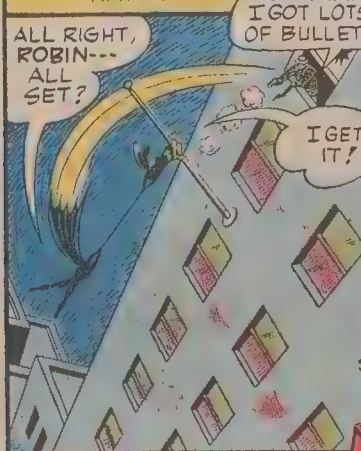
A MIRACLE IN FRONT OF HIM--- BUT GRIM DOOM CLOSE BEHIND!



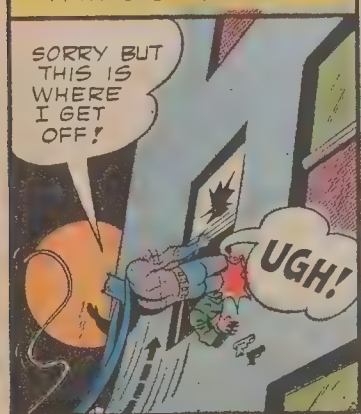
SWIFTLY THE BATMAN'S LIGHTNING BRAIN FORMULATES A DESPERATE PLAN...



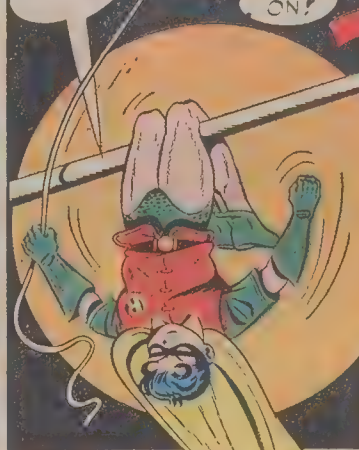
BUT DOOM HOVERS TENACIOUSLY ABOVE HIM...



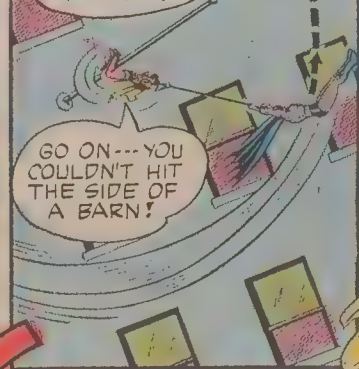
THE DEADLY MUZZLE TURNS TO ROBIN'S BARELY MOVING FIGURE... BUT BRAINY MISSES THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THAT DESPERATE PINWHEEL--- UNTIL---



ALL IN HAND BELOW, SIR!

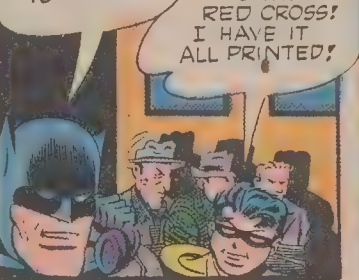


YOU WON'T HOLD STILL, EH? WELL, SUPPOSE I PICK OFF THE KID INSTEAD!

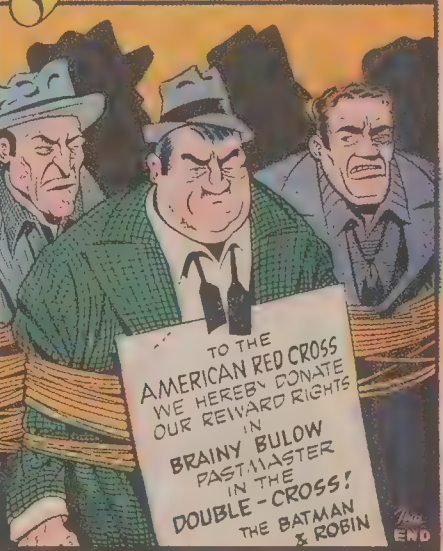
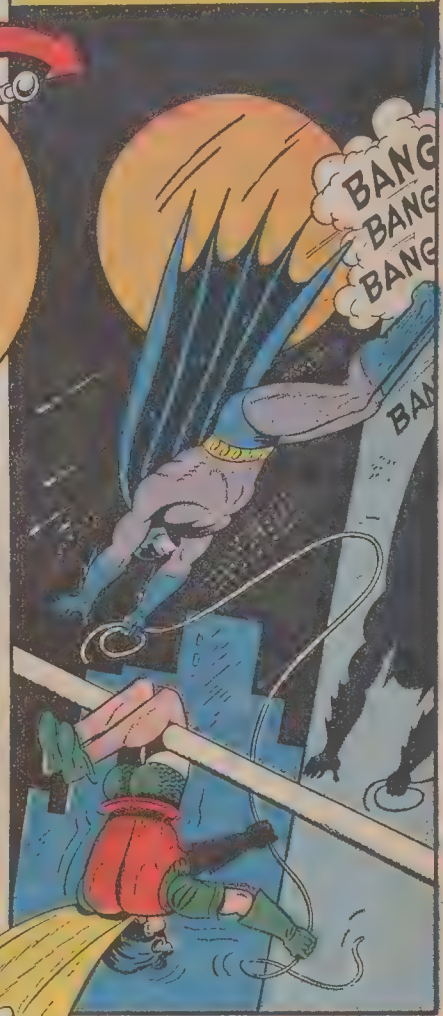


AND SO WE REACH THE END OF THE SORDID RACKET TRAIL...

HELLO, COMMISSIONER! WE HAVE THREE CUSTOMERS HERE WAITING FOR THE PATROL WAGON! AND THERE'S A LITTLE REWARD WE WANT TO DONATE TO---



A DEADLY HAIL RIDDLES THE BATMAN'S SABLE WINGS AS HE LEAPS INTO SPACE!



LIGHTER MOMENTS with **fresh Eveready Batteries**



"I'm sorry, Sirs!"

"Keep your eye on the Infantry—the doughboy does it!" Does the slugging job of winning the war, man to man against the enemy.

WE KNOW it's mighty disappointing to hear your dealer keep saying—"No 'Eveready' flashlight batteries yet." But our Armed Forces and vital war industries are using these dependable batteries—and they're taking nearly all we can make.

The word "Eveready" is a registered trade-mark of National Carbon Company, Inc.

FRESH BATTERIES LAST LONGER... Look for the date line →



EVEREADY
TRADE-MARK

AIR WAVE

Geo. Roussos

"GENIUS" BELIEVES HARD-WORKING HERMAN "IS 99% PERSPIRATION AND 1% INSPIRATION," AND SO HE GETS OUT TO BECOME A GENIUS OF CRIME! BUT *Air Wave* KNOWS HIS MOTTOES TOO, AND WHEN AT FIRST HE DOESN'T SUCCEED, HE TRIES AGAIN, AS HE MATCHES SKILL AND PERSEVERANCE WITH...

"The Hard-Working Hoodlum"



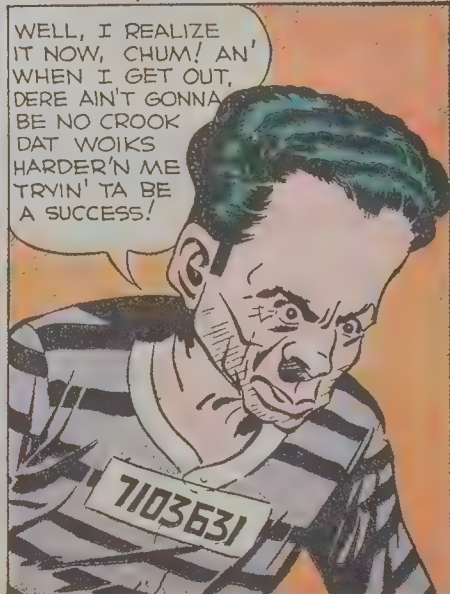
IN THE SNUG LITTLE CELL THAT WILL BE THEIR HOME FOR THE NEXT TWO YEARS, SIT HASTY HERMAN AND HIS ROOM-MATE, BROODING...



I WAS A SAP! WHEN I SEEN DIS COP AROUND, I SHOULDA SCRAMMED! BUT I DIDN'T!

AND SO, YOU GOT CAUGHT! DAT'S DA TROUBLE WID BEGINNERS! DEY DON'T REALIZE ROBBERY'S AN ART...AN' LIKE EVERY UDDER ART, YA GOTTA PUT IN HARD WOIK LOININ' IT!

WELL, I REALIZE IT NOW, CHUM! AN' WHEN I GET OUT, DERE AIN'T GONNA BE NO CROOK DAT WOIKS HARDER'N ME TRYIN' TA BE A SUCCESS!



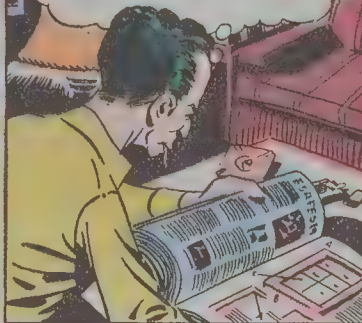
TWO YEARS LATER...

I LOINED A LOT FROM DA BOYS INSIDE! FROM NOW ON, IT WON'T BE HASTY HOIMAN DEY CALL ME...IT'LL BE HARD-WOIKIN' HOIMAN!



DEEP INTO THE INTRICACIES OF HIS CRAFT PLUNGES THE EAGER STUDENT OF CRIME!

HMM, DIS STUFF ABOUT SAFES IS INTERESTIN'! NOW I WON'T BE PUZZLED WHEN I COME UP AGAINST A NEW KIND!



NOW TO LOIN THE BEST WAY TO USE THESE! MOST CROOKS AIN'T GOT NO 'TECHNIQUE, AN' USE 'EM INDISCRIMINATE. DAT'S WHY DEY GETS INTO TROUBLE!



HEY... DON'T HIT SO HARD!



WHY NOT, SAP! WOULD A COP HIT EASY...WOULD *Air Wave*? YA GOTTA GET USED TO DA REAL T'ING, JUST IN CASE TROUBLE SHOWS UP!

FINALLY, ONE LAST STEP IN PREPARATION FOR A PROMISING CAREER...

NOW TA GET OUTTA TOWN! *Air Wave*'s ON DA JOB AROUND HERE... I MIGHT JUST AS WELL QUIT AS TRY TO GET RICH WID HIM AROUND!



AND ON A DARK NIGHT...

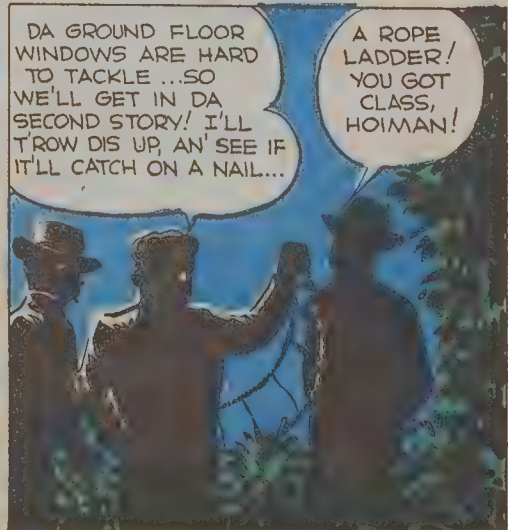
HEY, BOSS, WHAT'S DA IDEA OF PICKIN' DIS PLACE? IT'S THE CHIEF OF POLICE'S HOUSE!

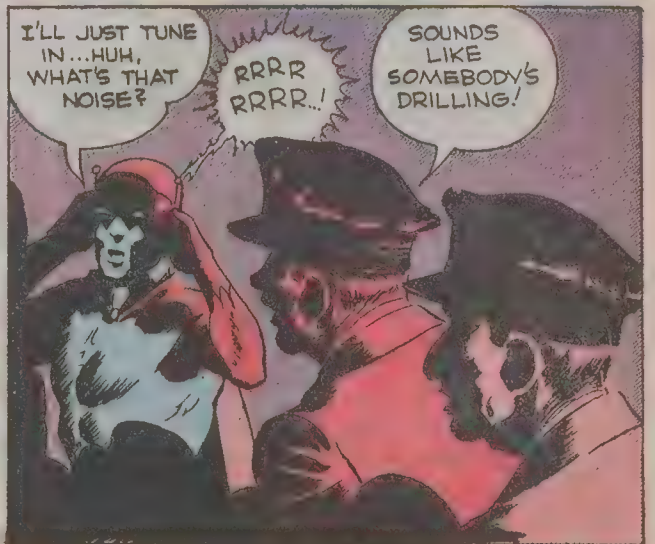
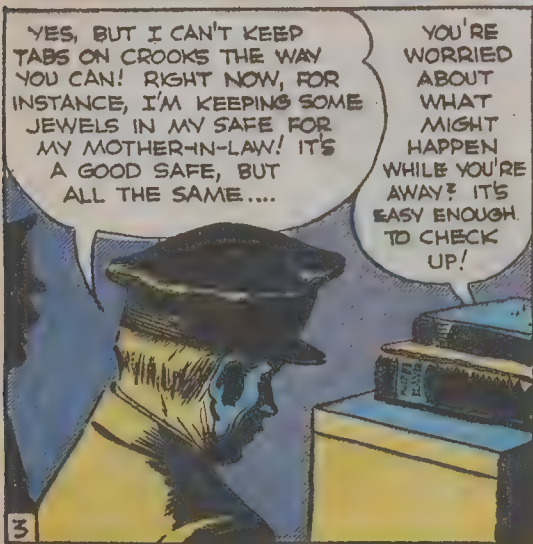
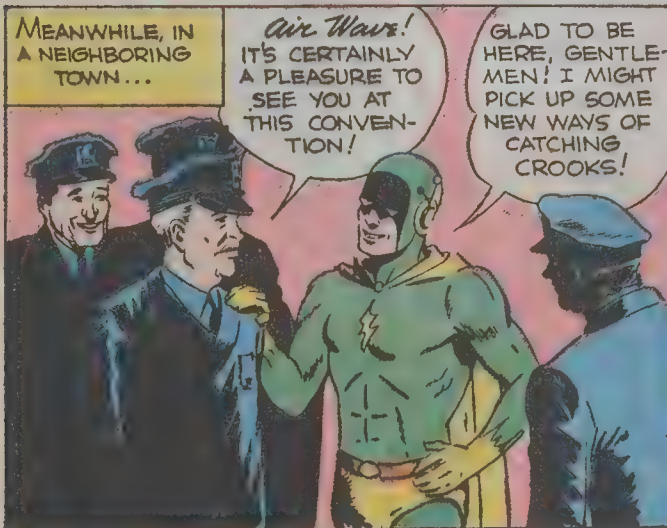
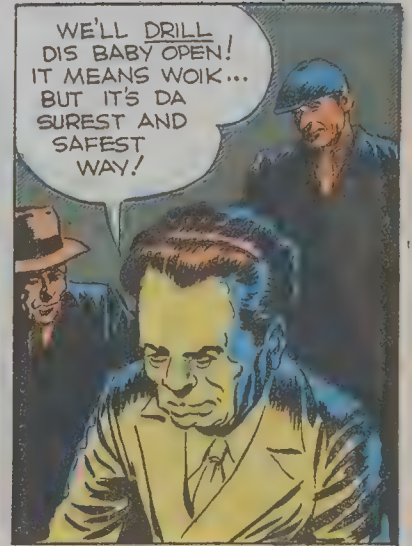
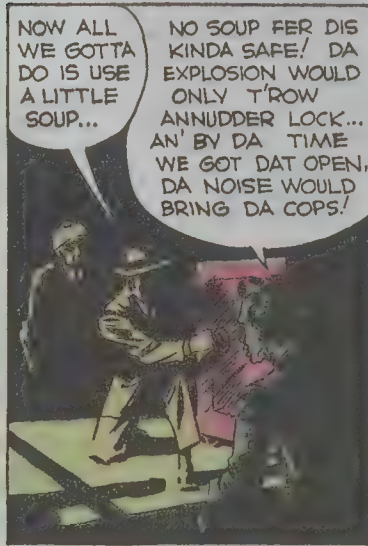


I KNOW DAT, SAP! AN' I ALSO KNOW DAT HE'S OUTTA TOWN ATTENDIN' A CONVENTION! WE GOT ALL DA TIME IN DA WOULD!

DA GROUND FLOOR WINDOWS ARE HARD TO TACKLE...SO WE'LL GET IN DA SECOND STORY! I'LL T'ROW DIS UP, AN' SEE IF IT'LL CATCH ON A NAIL...

A ROPE LADDER! YOU GOT CLASS, HOIMAN!

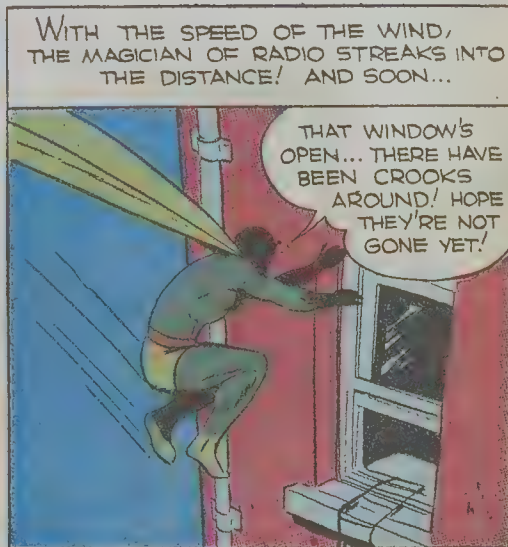






SEE YOU LATER CHIEF!
IF THERE ARE ANY
CROOKS, I HAVEN'T GOT
TIME TO WAIT...AND
THIS IS THE FASTEST
WAY OF GETTING TO
YOUR TOWN!

I'LL
FOLLOW
AS SOON AS
I CAN, *Air*
Wave!



WITH THE SPEED OF THE WIND,
THE MAGICIAN OF RADIO STREAKS INTO
THE DISTANCE! AND SOON...

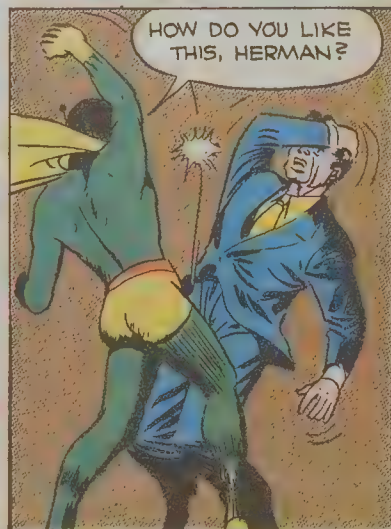
THAT WINDOW'S
OPEN... THERE HAVE
BEEN CROOKS
AROUND! HOPE
THEY'RE NOT
GONE YET!



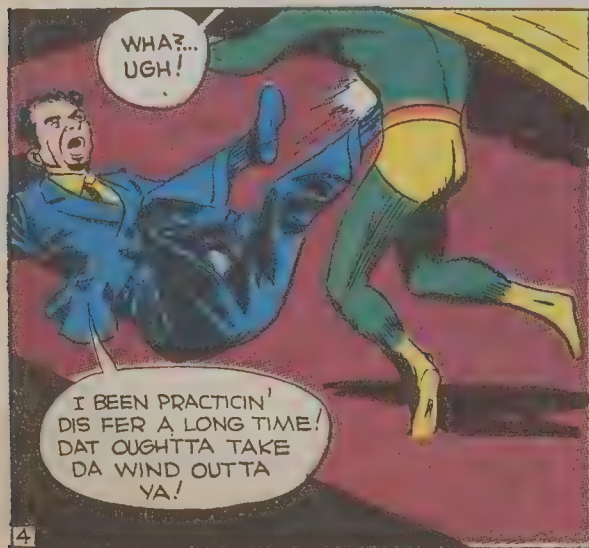
PLAYIN'
IT, SAFE,
HERMAN?



YOU'LL WAKE
UP IN JAIL,
CHUM!

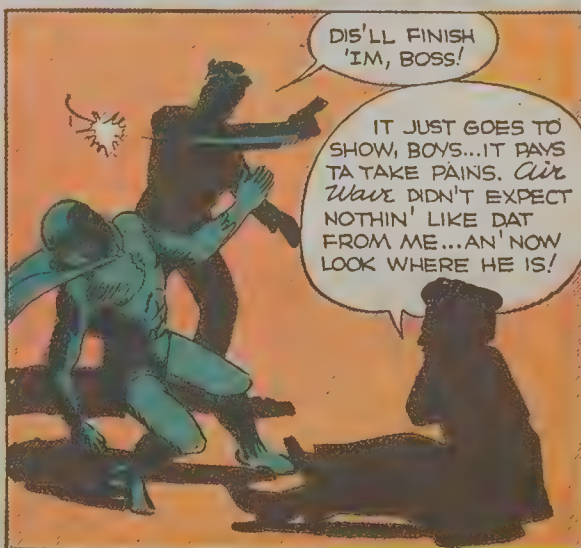


HOW DO YOU LIKE
THIS, HERMAN?



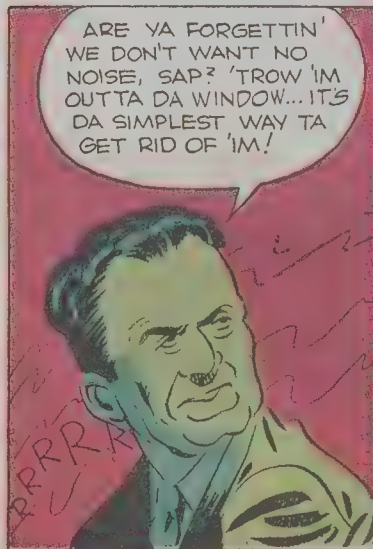
WHA?...
UGH!

I BEEN PRACTICIN'
DIS FER A LONG TIME!
DAT OUGHTTA TAKE
DA WIND OUTTA
YA!



DIS'LL FINISH
'IM, BOSS!

IT JUST GOES TO
SHOW, BOYS...IT PAYS
TA TAKE PAINS. *Air*
Wave DIDN'T EXPECT
NOTHIN' LIKE DAT
FROM ME...AN' NOW
LOOK WHERE HE IS!



IS THE WIZARD OF WIRELESS DOOMED TO DIE TO CRASH TO HIS DEATH? AS HE PLUMMETS SWIFTLY DOWNWARD...



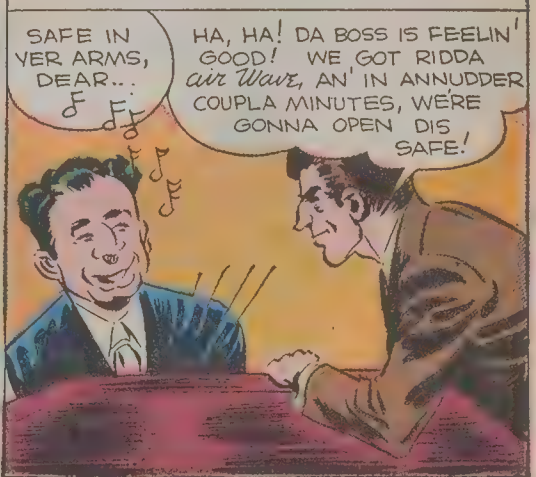
WITH UNCONSCIOUS FACILITY BORN OF LONG PRACTICE, A HANDLE FUMBLES ALMOST MECHANICALLY FOR A SWITCH, AND NEXT MOMENT...

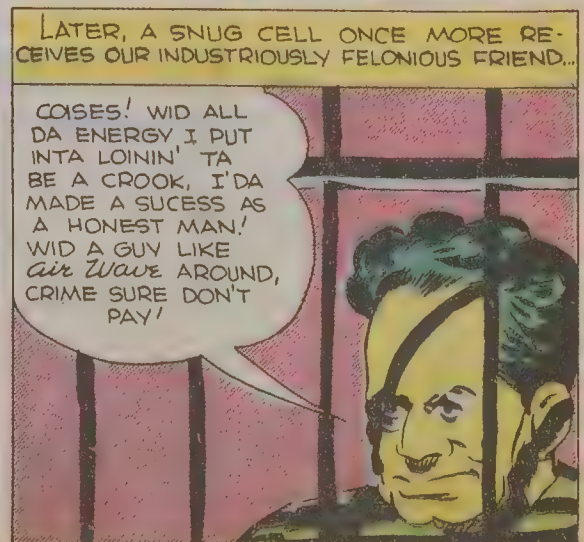
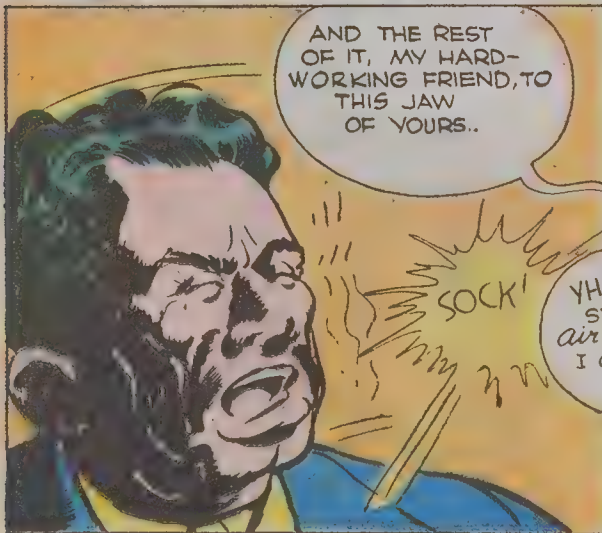
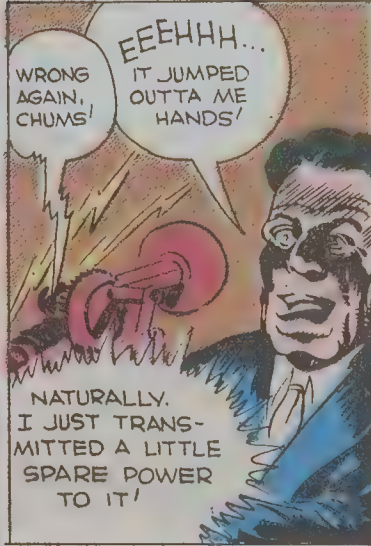
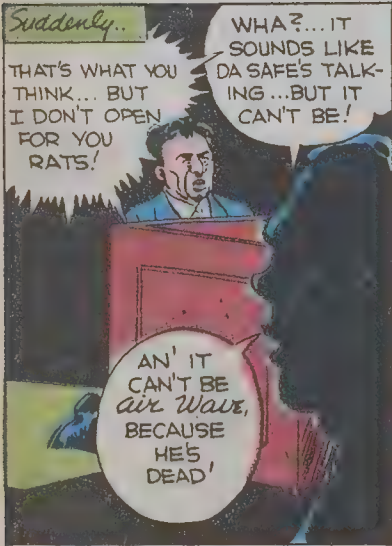


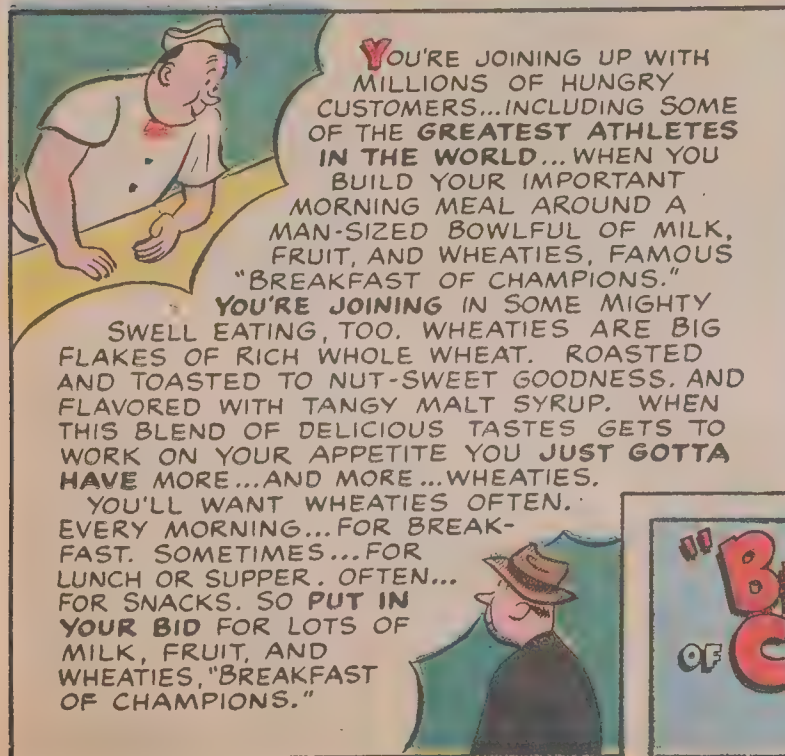
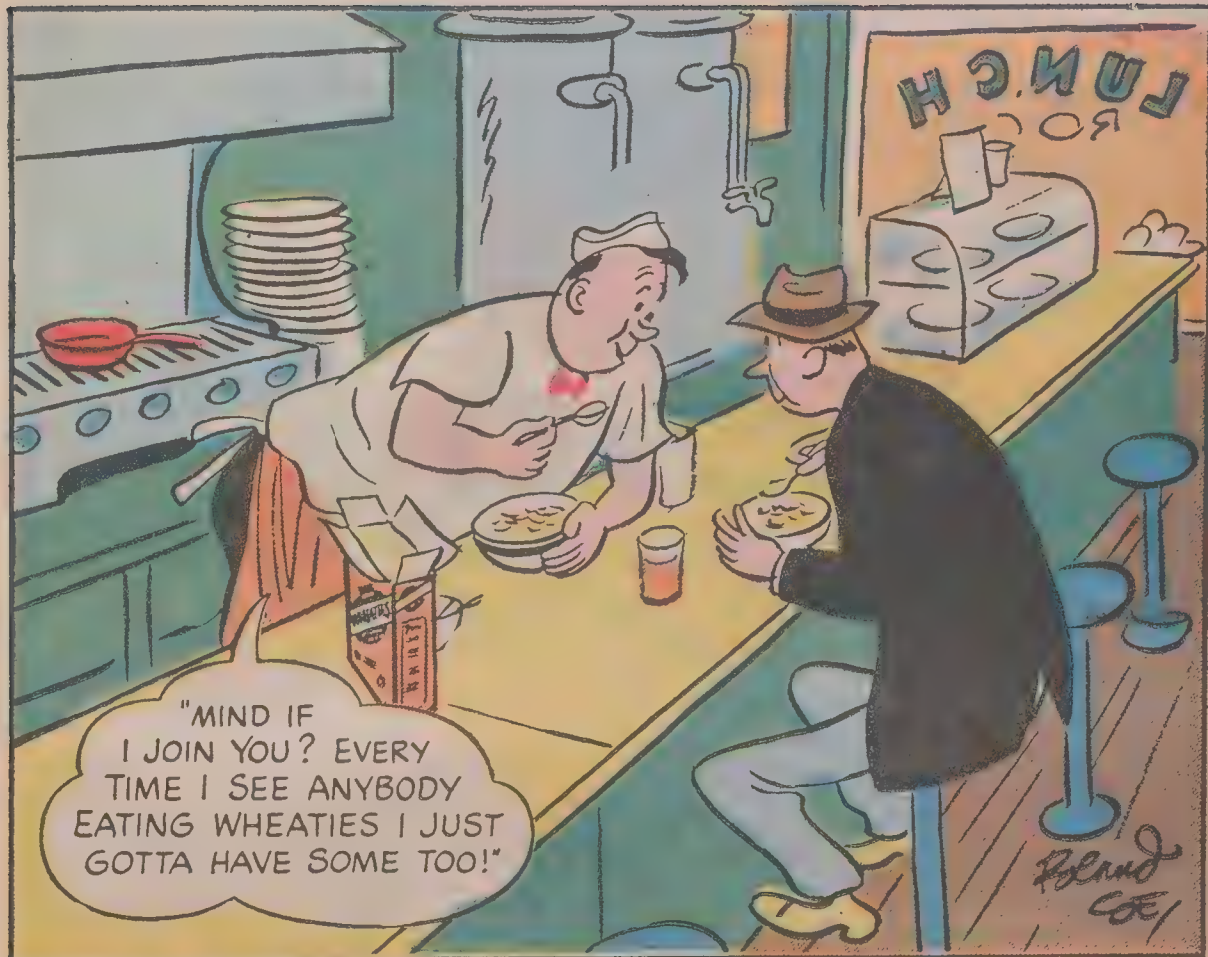
THEN, AS A DAZED MIND SLOWLY CLEARS...



MEANWHILE, A HAPPY HOODLUM HUMS GAILY AT HIS WORK...







"Wheaties" and
"Breakfast of Champions"
are registered trade marks
of General Mills, Inc.



SLAM BRADLEY

THE AVERAGE BIG TOWN DWELLER NOTES WELL ENOUGH THE MAJOR SPECTACLES OF MIGHTY MANHATTAN'S DAILY PAGEANT. BUT THE SHARPENED PERCEPTIONS OF SLAM BRADLEY AND SHORTY MORGAN READ DEEPER SIGNIFICANCE INTO THE TABLEAUX OF ITS LABYRINTHIAN CANYONS. AND THUS, A MOST EXTRAORDINARY CALL FOR "HELP!" BECOMES THE PRELUDE TO THE ...

**"CASE OF
THE SMOKING
SIGN!"**



SLAM
AND
SHORTY
PAUSE
TO
ADMIRE
A NEW
SIGN...

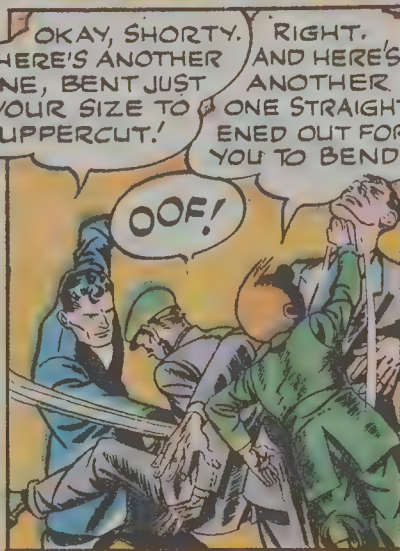
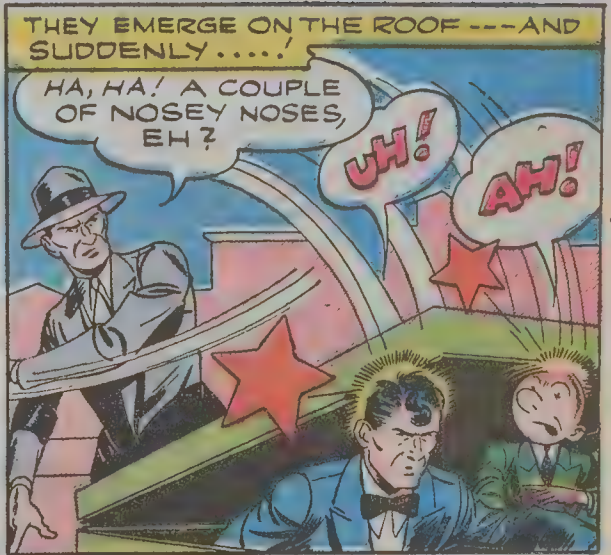
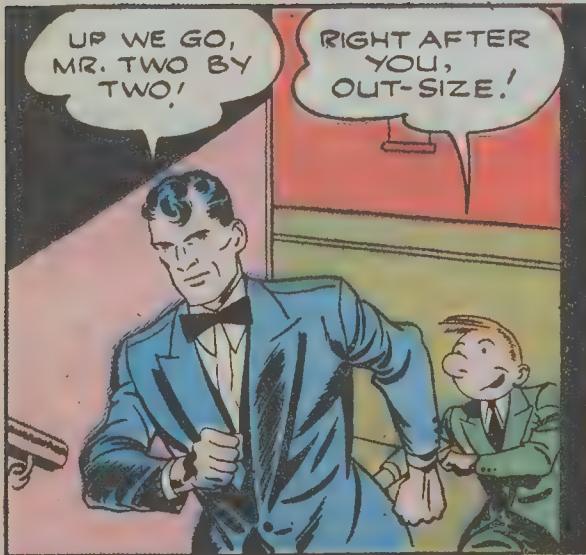
IT'D BE
MORE REAL-
ISTIC IF THE HAND
FLICKED A TON
OR SO OF ASHES
NOW AND
THEN!

IF IT
DID, SQUIRT
IT'D JUST BE
YOUR LUCK
TO BE WALKING
ALONG
BENEATH!

ALL AT ONCE..!

LOOK!
I'M SURE THOSE
LAST PUFFS
SPELLED
"H-E-L-P" IN
MORSE CODE!

WHAT
SAY WE GIVE
THE ROOF
A GANDER!



WOOSH!

OOOSH!

WHAM!

THEY MADE THEIR GETAWAY! NOW WHO SENT OUT THAT SMOKE-SIGNAL FOR HELP?

AND WHY?

MAYBE WE WERE WRONG ABOUT THE "HELP" SIGNAL. AND IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN JUST HOODLUMS IN A CRAP GAME ON THE ROOF!

MAYBE. BUT LET'S GIVE THE SIGN ANOTHER LOOK!

I GUESS YOU WERE RIGHT, SNIP! IT ISN'T SPELLING ANYTHING NOW!

I'LL TAKE A BOW!

BUT THE NEXT INSTANT...

YEAH, TAKE YER BOW RIGHT NOW, SNOOPER!

AHHHH!

UHH!

AND PRESENTLY---

"RED-LEGS" WILL BE A CINCH T'GIT OUT THIS AFTERNOON, NOW DAT WE GOT THESE TWO SLEUTHS!

YOU SAID IT, WHITEY. THEY'LL NEVER TELL NOTHIN' TO NOBODY IN ABOUT TWO MORE MINUTES, HA, HA!

AND THEN....

MAYBE WE WAS TOO GABBY. I T'INK THE BIG GUY, BRADLEY, CAME TO AN' WAS LISTENIN'!

WOT DIFFERENCE DOES IT MAKE--- DIS FINISHES 'EM, DOESN'T IT?

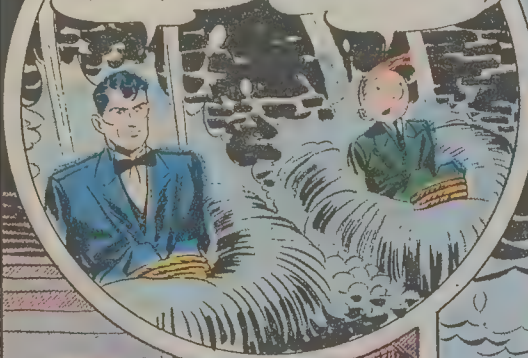
AS THE TWO BOUND FIGURES PLUMMET TO THE DARK OILY WATERS...

SHORTY! ARE YOU CONSCIOUS-- CAN YOU HEAR ME?

YEAH, BUT WHAT'S THE GOOD, SLAM? IT'S CURTAINS!

BEND YOUR KNEES-- KICK-- IT'LL KEEP YOU UP AWHILE. LIKE THIS! AND CALL FOR HELP. **HELP! HELP!**

HELP! HELP!

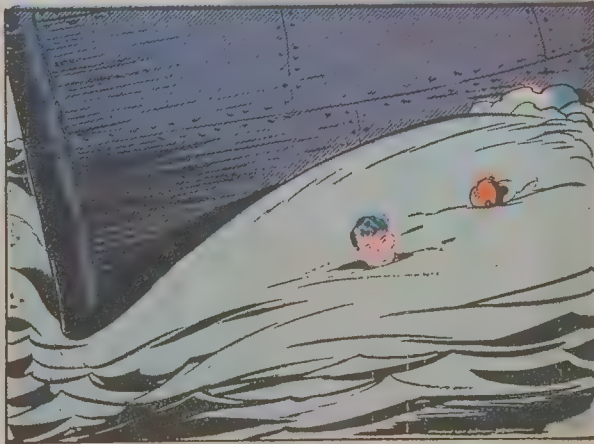
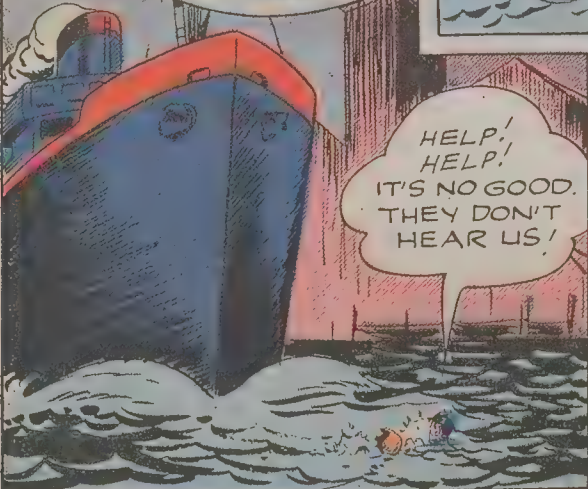


IT'S-- IT'S NO USE--- I'M WEAKENING --- AND NO ONE CAN HEAR US!

KEEP TRYING, SHORTY! DON'T GIVE UP! **HELP! HELP!**



HELP! HELP!
IT'S NO GOOD. THEY DON'T HEAR US!



THEN...

LOOK! TWO MEN-- THEY'RE SINKING!

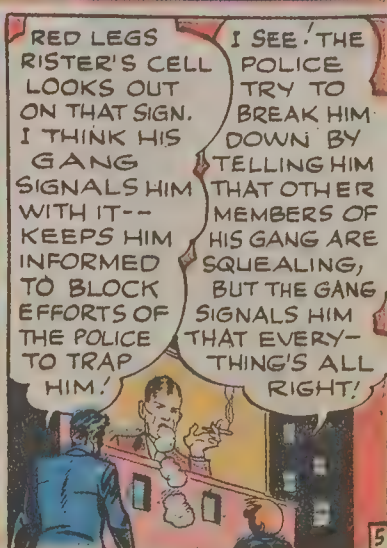
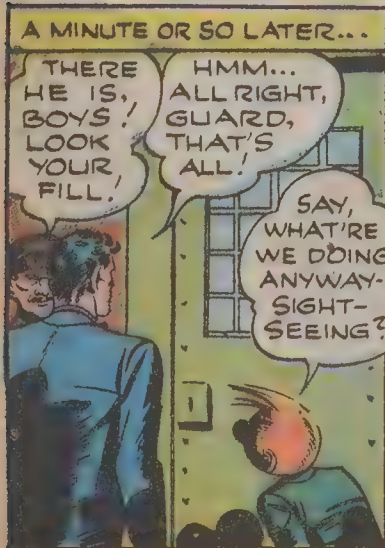
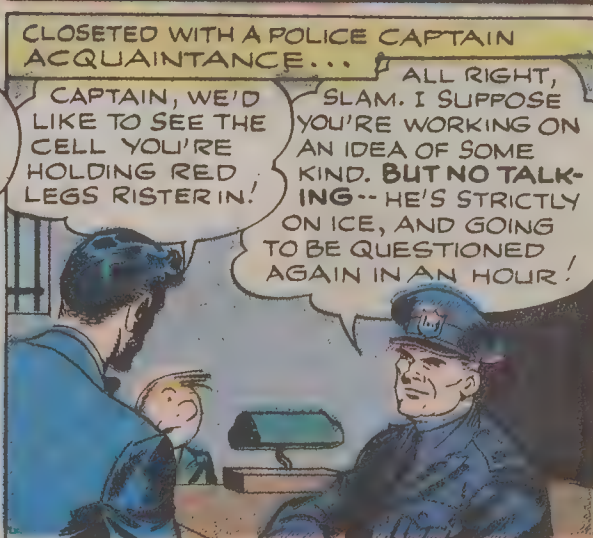
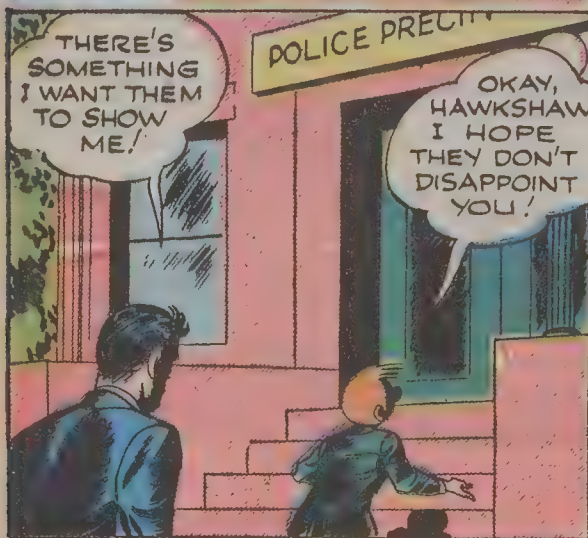
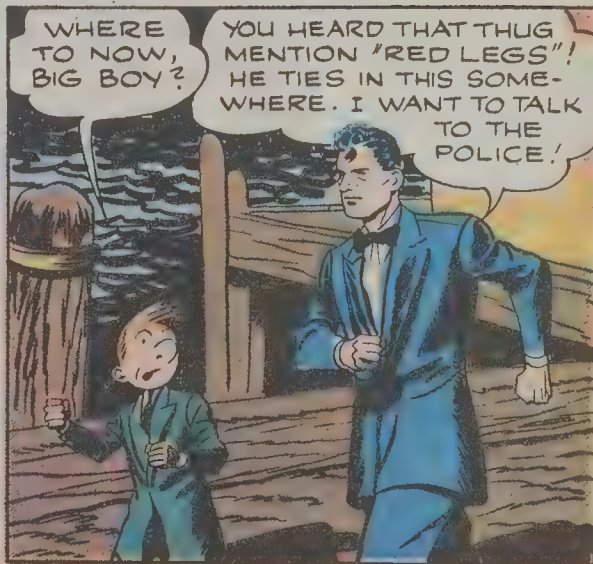
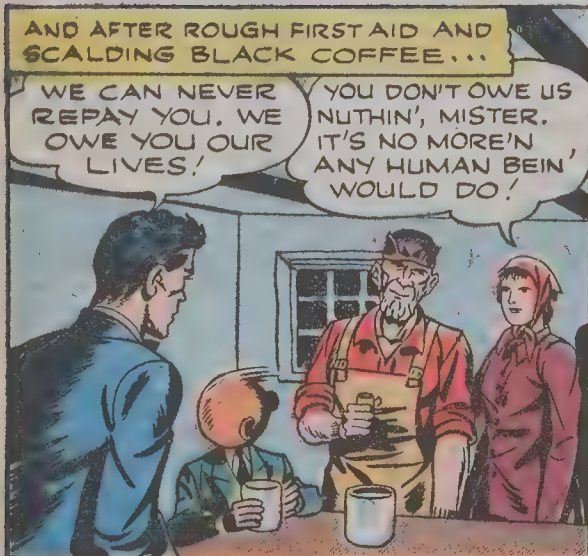
DON'T STAND STARING-- GET A BOAT HOOK!



THEY'RE PURTY NEAR DONE IN, LEM!

TOSH! WE'LL BRING 'EM AROUND!





NOBODY AROUND. WE'RE IN LUCK-- WE'LL JUST SEND RED LEGS A LITTLE MESSAGE OF OUR OWN!

MAKE IT CONVINCING!

YOU BET! WE'LL USE THIS CONTROL LEVER TO SEND RED LEGS AN "ALL-IS-LOST. WHITEY-SQUEALED. BETTER-TURN-STATE'S-EVIDENCE" MESSAGE!

BOY, WILL THAT GIVE RED LEGS A JOLT! SNIFF-- SNIFF, SMELLS OF TAR-- ROOF REPAIRERS I GUESS!

BUT SCARCELY IS THE MESSAGE STARTED WHEN.

LOOK, SLAM!

LUCKY WE SPOTTED 'EM AT RED LEGS' CELL WITH THE SPY GLASS. GET 'EM!

FIND SOME WAY TO KEEP THEM OFF 'TIL I'M THROUGH SENDING, SHORTY!

WHUPS! TAR, AND STILL HOT! AND SOME PLANKS!

YOW! HOT TAR!

WOW!

THAT'S RIGHT! NO SELFISHNESS, BOYS --- DIVIDE IT UP EVENLY!

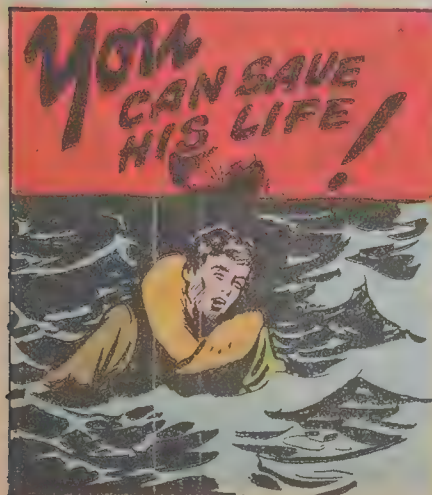
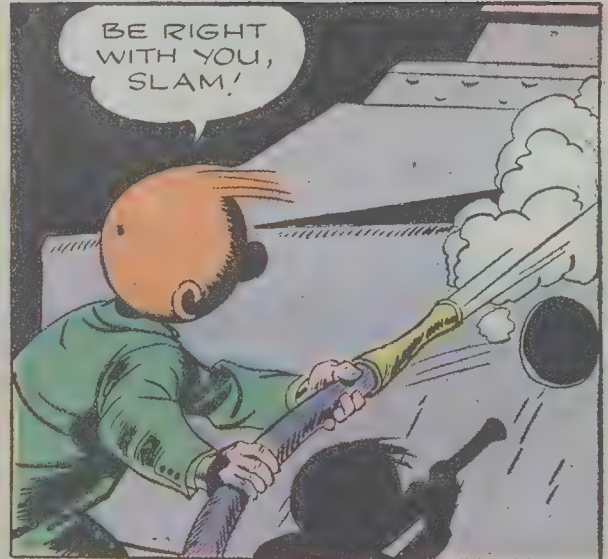
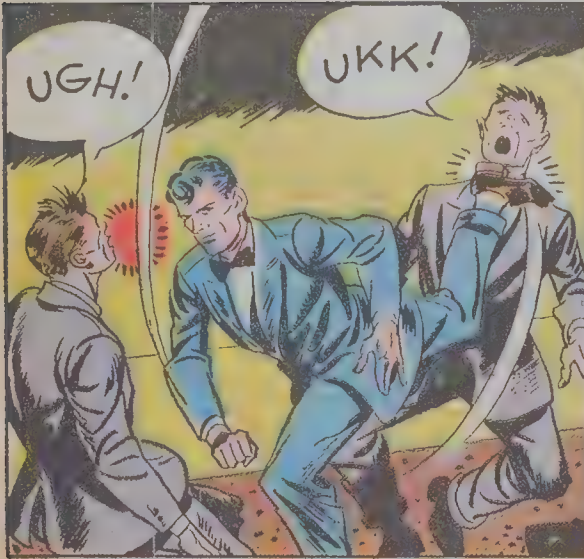
WOW! IT BOINS!

GOOD WORK, SNIP!

YEAH, BUT THAT TAR WON'T STAY HOT FOREVER!

HEY, SLAM!

COMING! I JUST FINISHED RED LEGS' LITTLE MESSAGE!



EVERY SAILOR, EVERY SOLDIER ABOARD A TRANSPORT OR LANDING ON AN ENEMY BEACH, EVERY AIRMAN FLYING OVER WATER, MAY NEED HIS LIFE BELT DESPERATELY. THIS BELT MUST BE STUFFED WITH A BUOYANT, WATER-IMPERVIOUS FIBRE, KOPAK, USED UNTIL THE INITIAL JAPANESE SUCCESSES, CAME PRINCIPALLY FROM JAVA. OUR SUPPLIES ARE NOW CUT OFF. BUT A SUBSTITUTE HAS BEEN FOUND -- **MILKWEED FLOSS!**

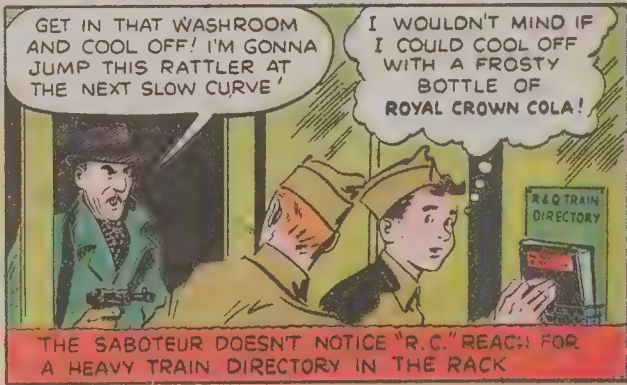
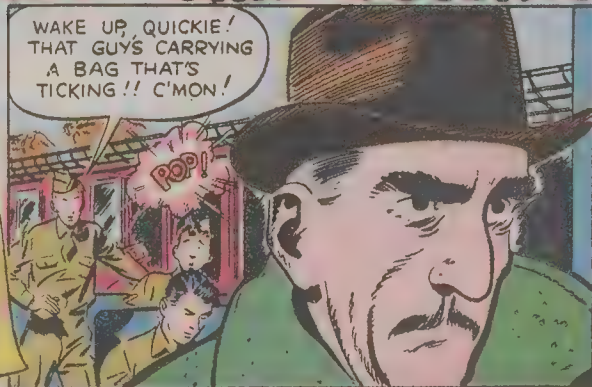
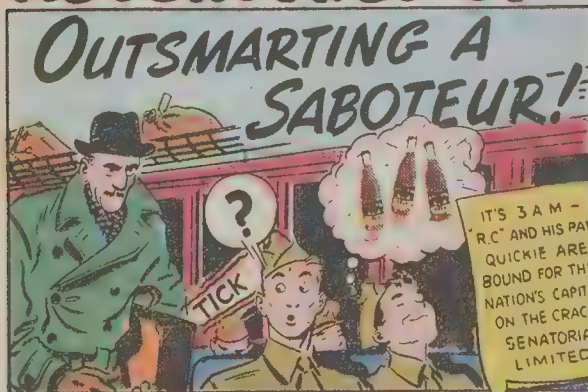
MILKWEED GROWS WILD NEARLY EVERYWHERE IN THE U.S. THE FLOSS NEEDS ONLY TO BE GATHERED. BUT THAT IS A LARGE TASK. YOUR COUNTRY'S ARMED SERVICES NEEDS THIS FLOSS URGENTLY --- AND *you can help! The floss in two bags of milkweed pods fills a life jacket.*

YOU CAN SAVE A LIFE BY DOING YOUR BIT! AND YOU CAN MAKE SOME EXTRA MONEY TO BUY WAR STAMPS.

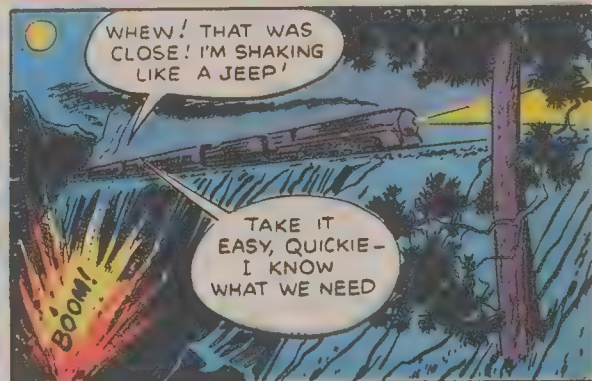
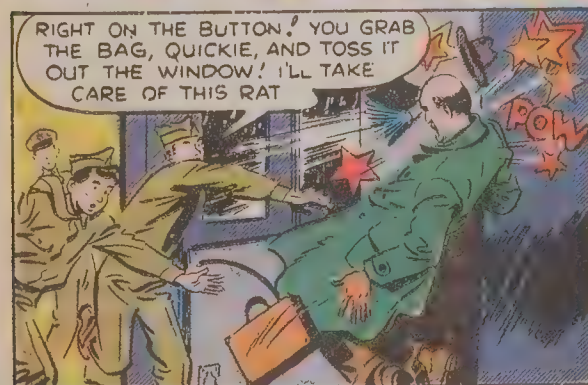
FOR INFORMATION ON HOW TO PICK AND HANDLE MILKWEED, CONTACT YOUR COUNTY AGRICULTURAL AGENT OR SEND A CARD TO WAR HEMP INDUSTRIES, INC. MILKWEED FLOSS DIVISION, PETOSKEY, MICH. DO IT TODAY! IT'S A WAR JOB FOR ALL, YOUNG AND OLD.

ADVENTURES OF "R.C." AND QUICKIE

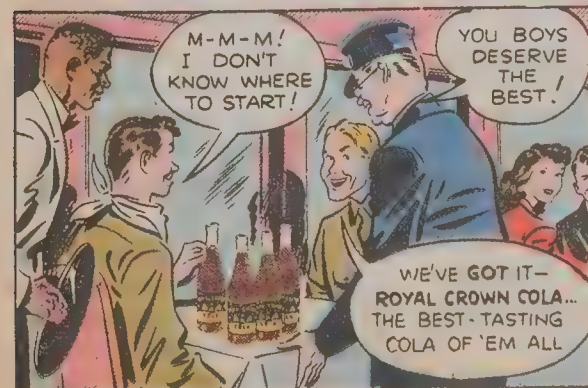
OUTSMARTING A SABOTEUR!



THE SABOTEUR DOESN'T NOTICE "R.C." REACH FOR A HEAVY TRAIN DIRECTORY IN THE RACK



TAKE IT EASY, QUICKIE - I KNOW WHAT WE NEED



WE'VE GOT IT - ROYAL CROWN COLA... THE BEST-TASTING COLA OF 'EM ALL

YOUTHFUL
BONITA GRANVILLE SAYS:
CHECK! IT SURE TASTES BEST!

Lovely Bonita Granville found her favorite "quick up" when she took the famous cola taste test. After trying leading colas in paper cups, she picked the best tasting one. It was Royal Crown Cola! Try it 2 full glasses in each 5¢ bottle.

ROYAL CROWN COLA
Best by Taste-Test!

118 BONITA GRANVILLE'S "SONG OF THE OPEN ROAD" BY JIMMY DAVIS (1948)

Copyright 1949, Nahr Corporation

NOBODY KNEW

by Eddie Bell

WHEN Sam Finger and the boys pulled that big bank job, they knew what they were doing. Of course, killing the bank guard didn't help matters, but it didn't complicate them too much either. A guy with Sam's generalship doesn't let a little thing like a killing bother him.

It bothered me, though, and I couldn't help saying so.

"Louie," he answered, "you have absolutely nothing to worry about. What you do not understand, my little friend, is just how lucky this mob is." He beamed at us. "Just look at you boys," he said proudly. "Not a bit of Army bait in the whole bunch of you. And that I call pretty lucky."

We didn't see what he was driving at, and I said so.

Sam just looked at us as though he was a teacher and we were a bunch of public school kids. "I was just dropping a hint," he said, "and since nobody got it, I, Sam Fingers, will explain."

"It is like, this—everybody is very busy with war stuff. The FBI is very busy checking on draft dodgers and spies, and the local police are all being drafted. What you have left, boys, is not too good. And certainly nothing to worry about."

Sam puffed his expensive perfecto a minute and let this sink in. Then he went on:

"So I figure, now when law and order is at its weakest, I will pull this job. As you see, except that I got an itchy finger,

we don't do bad." He smiled. "And you know we will have no trouble driving to any place we want to go, particularly since we are going to be disguised as *defense workers*."

Well, naturally this statement sets the boys back on their heels, and they are all excited wondering what Sam is going to pull out of his hat next. Me, I am not so excited, and I say so to Sam.

"Look, Sam," I said. "There is no use for us to think that just because there is a war, that law and order is going to stop. War just means that a lot more people are going to be kept out of trouble, because they'll either be fighting or forging the weapons of defense." I was pretty proud of that last phrase, and I had gotten it out of a magazine.

Sam's eyes bulged. "You talk like you have been reading a book, Louie," he said. "Let me tell you for your own good, Louie, to trust the boss, me, Sam Fingers. I have never let you boys down yet, have I fellows?"

"No, Boss," they all said. And I joined in.

"We are all going up to a little hideaway of mine near the border," Sam said. "And when the Oakland affair cools off, we will come down and spend a lot of that dough." He grinned. "I'll bet they never had time to take down the serial numbers, boys. It was a defense payroll we knocked off."

"Sam," the boys said, "you are a genius."

When I asked about the new hideaway, Sam really beamed.

"It's something none of you boys know about," he said. "I have been keeping it a secret for just such an occasion. Louie, you remember when we went fishing last summer."

I said I did. And Sam said: "Yeah, but what you didn't know was I spotted a perfect hideout, a cabin, and bought it for me and the boys. Nobody'll ever find us there."

"It's under a phony name," Sam went on, "and I saw to it that it was well stocked." For just a moment his eyes glinted. "Boy, could I run a black market with what's in there! I even thought of tires, boys." He waved a hand aside as they applauded. "Aw, it's nothing to take a bow on, boys. But I sure did a swell job. The place is shuttered up like it is only used in summer, and nobody will ever get wise." He leaned back in his chair. "When my second-hand cars come tonight, fellers," he said. "We shove off."

"Tonight?" I asked weakly. "You mean we're going through the lines those coppers certainly must have strung out?"

"We are," said Sam. "You forget it is three days now since the coppers started looking for us."

Mammy Pareseti came in. "Those cars are outside." She flung down a bundle. "And here's your clothes."

Sam had thought of everything, as usual. The dungarees were dirty enough to have been used. There were lunch boxes and everything. And on the cars standing outside were "C" stickers.

They were real jaloppies, those cars, and they sure fooled the cops. The car in which I was riding with Sam was stopped twice, but we were permitted to go on. Those cops never even asked for the registration.

"You see," said Sam, as we chugged along hour after hour on the five hundred mile trip, "it just takes a little figuring, that's all. And I've got a genius for figuring."

Maybe he was right. We certainly didn't get into any trouble all the way up. Just as dawn was breaking, we pulled into the region of Sam's place. I recognized it right away and said so. "But, Sam," I added, there's something about this place I can't seem to remember. Something. . . ."

I was driving. Sam whacked me across the back. "You can't remember how I outfished you last summer," he said gleefully. "That's all." He grabbed my arm. "Hey, pull in under that tree."

How he ever spotted it, I'll never know. It was an old, no-longer-used road, plenty rutty, too, but we didn't find that out until later. We sat there waiting for a few hours while the other boys caught up with us. I could see Sam's point in waiting—they'd never find this place alone. "And neither will the cops," Sam chortled, "just wait and see."

At last the boys showed up. They looked plenty worried, too, figuring they were lost. It

was like a family reunion when they saw Sam. "Gosh, Boss, we were sure we lost you. We were even going to ask where we were," one of the boys said.

Sam's face reddened. "But you didn't?"

"Aw, no, Boss," Eddie said. "Matter of fact, the only thing we passed was a milk truck."

"And you had better get in now," I said, "because it is coming down the road."

Eddie whipped the car under the tree. Sam looked down the road. "He never saw us," he said, satisfied. "Too far away."

Twenty minutes later we were at Sam's hideout. It was everything he said it was. And well stocked. "The only thing you got to be careful about, boys, is getting water from the well. Don't be too conspicuous, but I don't think anybody's been near this road in years."

It sure looked it, I decided, when I came out for water a little later. The place was grown over with weeds and stuff. But that well water sure was good. I didn't know then how good it was. And not for us.

That came later, along about noon. Sam had the dough out on the table and was counting out the boys' share, just as he always did. The water was gone, and I decided to get some more. I opened the door and then stepped back quickly.

The sun was shining right on a sheriff's star!

"It's the law, Sam," I cried. "And he's got a mean-looking shotgun."

"How many guys?" Sam asked.

"One."

"Hey, come out of there!"

Sam fired through the door. Then, "Come on boys, we'll rush him. Then duck."

It looked bad for that constable, but suddenly there was a high-pitched whine overhead. The next moment a terrific explosion shook the cabin. Then another. The shutter ripped off, and we could see, through the windows, the constable standing behind a tree, his shotgun pointed right at us.

He let out a blast, but it was like chicken feed compared to the next explosion. It sounded right behind us. Lamps and dishes fell. "I'm quitting," Sam said, throwing down his gun, and grabbing the dough. "I'm giving up. This guy's got an Army with him."

"An Army! Suddenly I remembered what I had read about this area. "Sam," I said, then stopped. There was no use bringing it up now. Sam and the boys, their hands up, were already out the door, surrendering to the constable. I went along, too.

I was the only one not surprised when the constable explained, after we had been safely stowed in jail, that he hadn't gone to make a pinch. The milkman had told him strangers had been going onto the old road leading to the Army's gun range. The constable just wanted us to get out, for our own safety.

"I figured you didn't know you was trespassing on Army property," he said to Sam. "And that you might get hurt when those guns went off around noon, like they do every day."

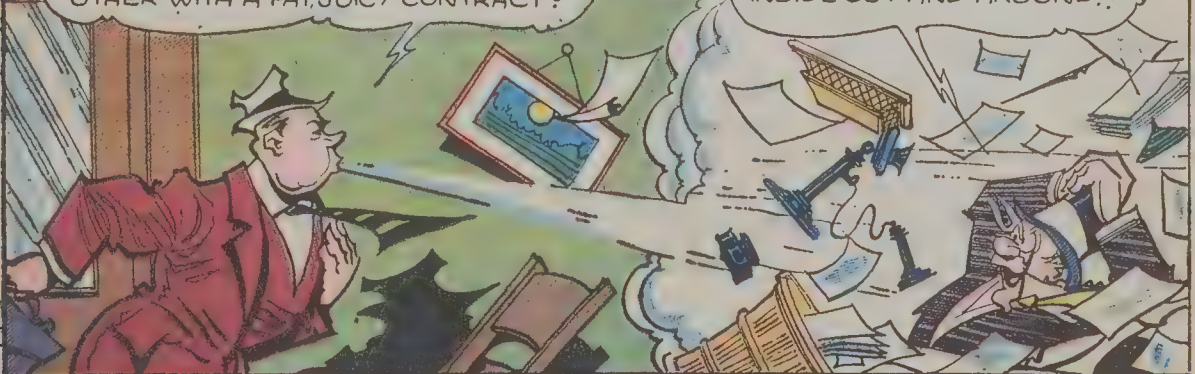
"Nobody knew anything," Sam moaned. He was wrong. I did. I had read it in the papers.

THREE-RING BINKS

THE OLD TIME CZAR OF THE CIRCUS WORLD WHO HAS NOW BECOME A STREAMLINED, TOP-FLIGHT TALENT SCOUT AND BOOKING AGENT—

HIYA, CHUM! I'M THE GRADUATED GLASS-BLOWER, HURRICANE HERKIMER!-- ME LUNGS GOT SO STRONG BLOWIN' GLASS SOUVENIRS FOR THE SIDE-SHOW CUSTOMERS THAT I BLEW THE WORKS--THE WHOLE GLASS WORKS RIGHT UP THROUGH THE TENT! NOW HOW'S ABOUT US SEWING EACH OTHER WITH A FAT, JUICY CONTRACT?

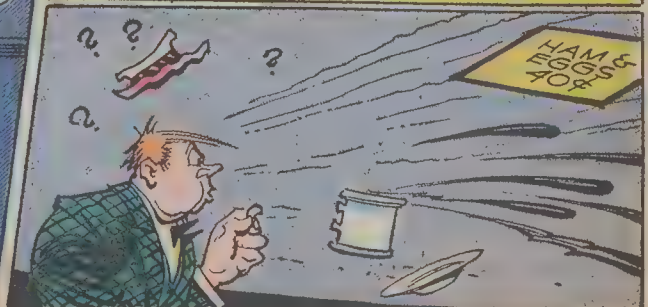
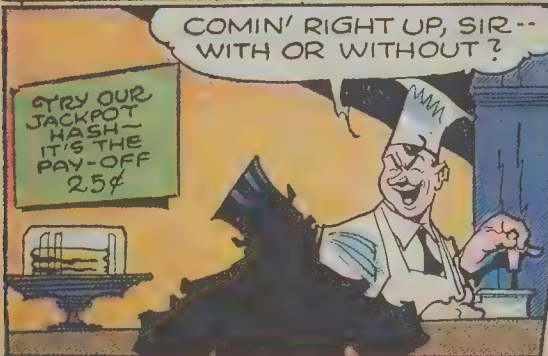
TURN OFF THAT BLAST YOU IDJIT, AND SIT DOWN WHILE I TELL YOU ABOUT BLOW-BY-BLOW BRODY, A BREATH O' SPRING WHO COULD REALLY BLOW HIMSELF INSIDE OUT AND AROUND!!



SOME THUTTY ODD YEARS AGO, I'M OUT ON THE ROAD WITH A HUMPTY-DUMPTY CARNIVAL, AND LATE ONE NIGHT I DROP INTO A CAFE-ON-WHEELS FOR HOT COFFEE--

--THERE'S ONE OF THE NEIGHBORHOOD BOYS SITTING NEXT TO ME WHO'S JUST BEEN SERVED HIS HOT COFFEE... HE BLOWS ON IT-- AND-- WHAMMO!!!-- HE BLOWS THE CUP RIGHT OFF THE HANDLE--- COFFEE AND ALL!!

COMIN' RIGHT UP, SIR-- WITH OR WITHOUT?



"THE PROPRIETOR APOLOGIZED-- ADDING THAT IT WAS NOT PART OF THE FLOOR SHOW.."

"THEN HE INTRODUCED ME TO BLOW-B& BLOW BRODY, IN PERSON--"

I'M SORRY IF YOU TOOK A BATH, STRANGER, BUT I'M REALLY THE ONE TO BLAME-- RUSHING TO SERVE YOU I FORGOT TO GIVE HIM A STRAW. USING A STRAW YOU COULDN'T MEET UP WITH A FINER FELLER, BUT WHEN HE **BLOWS**, MM..MM, BROTHER, JUST DUCK!!

OOH!-- AM I ASHAMED OF M'SELF!!

I JUST SEEM TO GO "ALL-OUT", THROUGH ME LARYNX EVERY TIME I BLOWS, CHUM-- MUST BE I'VE GOT OVER-TRAINED LUNGS OR SUMP'N-- I JUST CAN'T HELP IT, AND WHEN I SNEEZE, I'M EVEN WORSE!

S'ALL RIGHT, PAL, FORGET IT!

"AS A BOX OFFICE FIND HE FASCINATED ME... I WALKED HOME WITH HIM AND ON THE WAY HE **SNEEZED**... AND--"

"**THAT DID IT!!**-- I SIGNED HIM UP AS A STAR FREAK ATTRACTION IN OUR CARNIVAL, FOR THE RUN OF THE SHOW!"

... BLEW OUT A STREET LAMP-- A BLOCK AWAY!!

KA-CHOO!!

JUST SIGN YOUR FULL NAME-- HEIGHT--WEIGHT--AGE--MOTHER'S NAME--HOBBIES, HAVE YOU ANY DEBT OR WHY NOT, ETC, ETC.

"HE SOON DEVELOPED A TRICK OF ACTUALLY BLOWING HIMSELF TO A STANDING POSITION AFTER LYING FLAT ON THE GROUND. THAT KEPT THE CROWDS IN UPROARS!"

"THEN HE'D CLOSE HIS ACT WITH A SMASH FINISH BY BLOWING A TRIPLE BACK SOMERSAULT THAT WOULD 'PANIC' THEM COMPLETELY!"

BRAVO!

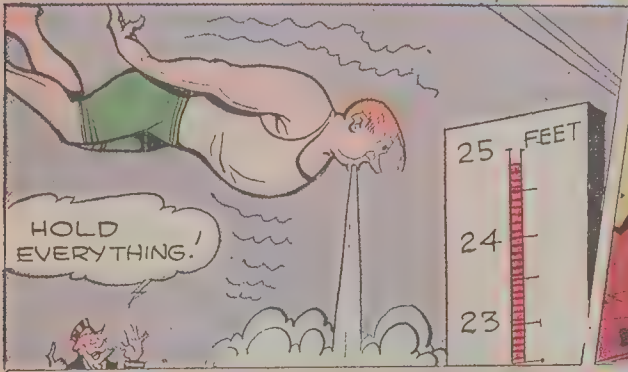
ENCORE!

HE'S NOT ONLY PHENOMENAL--HE AIN'T HUMAN!

"HE WAS JUST A BIG KID AT HEART, THOUGH. AS SOON AS WE PITCHED TENT IN EVERY NEW TOWN WE PLAYED, HE WALKED DOWN THE MAIN STREET AND SUDDENLY GIVE OUT WITH A 60 MILE GALE JUST FOR A LAUGH, HE SAID IT WAS JUST A DAILY WORK-OUT TO KEEP IN TRAINING (OR SUMP'N)."

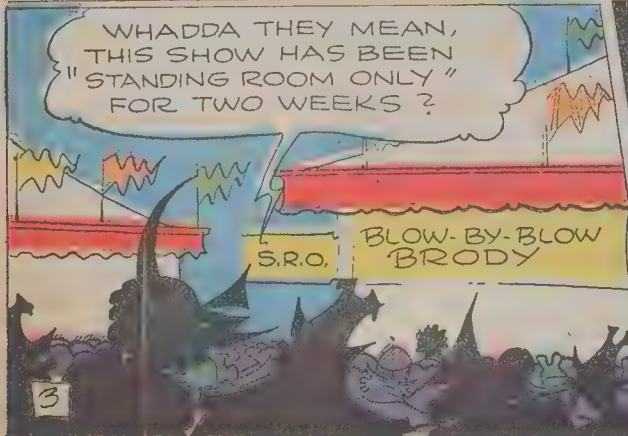


SOON HE BECAME SO GOOD THROUGH CONSTANT PRACTISE THAT HE MASTERED THE MOST SENSATIONAL STUNT THE CIRCUS WORLD HAD EVER PRODUCED-- HE COULD ACTUALLY BLOW HIMSELF INTO THE AIR 25 FEET WITH HIS OWN BREATH!!!-- THEN SLOWLY RETURN TO EARTH!"



--HE BECAME AN INTERNATIONAL RAGE OVERNIGHT! IN SOME CITIES WE ALMOST HAD TO CALL OUT THE NATIONAL GUARD TO KEEP THE CROWDS AWAY!--"

"THE SHOW WAS SOON KNEE-DEEP IN PROFITS--THERE WAS ACTUALLY SO MUCH MONEY LAYING AROUND THE PLACE THAT IT BECAME A NUISANCE!"



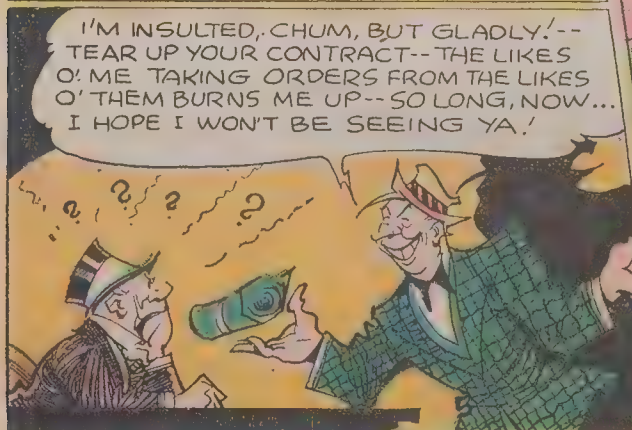
--THEN IT HAPPENED!--ONE NIGHT HE REACHED THE TOP OF HIS SWING, BUT--



--HE DIDN'T STOP!--HAVING RELATIVES IN THE AUDIENCE, HE DECIDED TO SHOW OFF-- HE BLEW HIMSELF TO THE VERY TOP OF THE TENT-- UP AMONGST THE STARS OF THE FLYING TRAPEZE--HE BROKE UP THEIR ACT!!



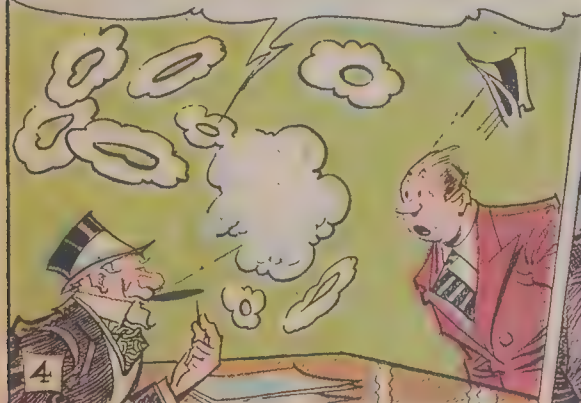
"THEY THREATENED TO QUIT IN A BODY UNLESS HE BEHAVED. HE WAS TEMPERAMENTAL, --WHAT COULD I DO?-- HE TOSSED HIS CONTRACT ON MY DESK AND QUIT THE SHOW COLD!



H'MPH, QUIT A SWELL HEADLINE SPOT JUST FOR THAT-- ER, WHAT'S THE TEMPERAMENTAL APE DOIN' NOW?



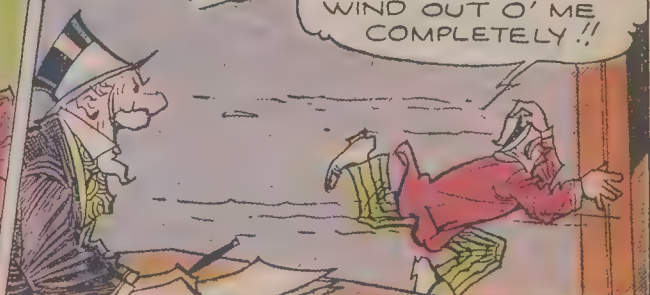
FROM LAST REPORTS, I HEAR HE'S NOW GOT TWO "BIG MONEY" JOBS-- DAYTIMES HE "FREE-AIRS" THOUSANDS OF CARS AT A SERVICE STATION, AND AT NIGHT HE CLEANS UP BLOWIN' UP BLIMPS...HE--



--HEY! WHERE Y'HEADN', SON?

HEH-HEH-HEH!

I'M GETTIN' THE AIR, BROTHER-- YOU NOT ONLY TAKE MY BREATH AWAY-- YOU KNOCK THE WIND OUT O' ME COMPLETELY!!



YOURS

FOR ONLY 2 WHEATIES
BOX TOPS AND 5c



GET BOTH
P-40 FLYING
TIGER AND JAP ZERO

Two complete fighter planes,
full color models. Exactly as
illustrated. Over 9 inch wing
spread. Hollow stream-
lined fuselage. Official
battle insignia.

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EASY TO BUILD! EASY TO FLY!

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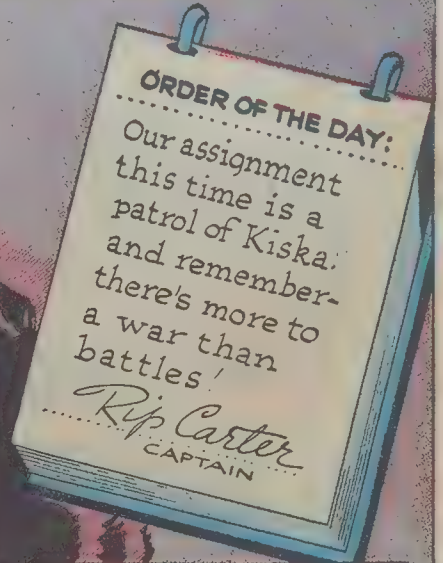
TEAR
OUT
AND
MAIL
TODAY!

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The

BOY COMMANDOS

in "SAGA of
The NORTHLAND!"



OUT OF THIS, THE GREATEST OF ALL WARS, HAVE COME COUNTLESS STIRRING TALES OF VALOR AND HEROISM. BUT AMONG THEM ARE UNEXPLAINED MYSTERIES--MYSTERIES FOR WHICH HISTORY AS YET FAILED TO SUPPLY PLAUSABLE EXPLANATIONS. THE BATTLE OF KISKA MIGHT WELL TAKE ITS PLACE AT THE TOP OF SUCH A LIST, AS THE BOY COMMANDOS CAN TESTIFY FROM EXPERIENCE!

by JOE SIMON and JACK KIRBY

KASKA--A LONELY DOT AT THE PEAK OF THE WORLD. BUT LIKE OTHER HITHERTO FORGOTTEN LANDS, IT ASSUMES A NEW IMPORTANCE WITH THE COMING SURGE OF WAR.



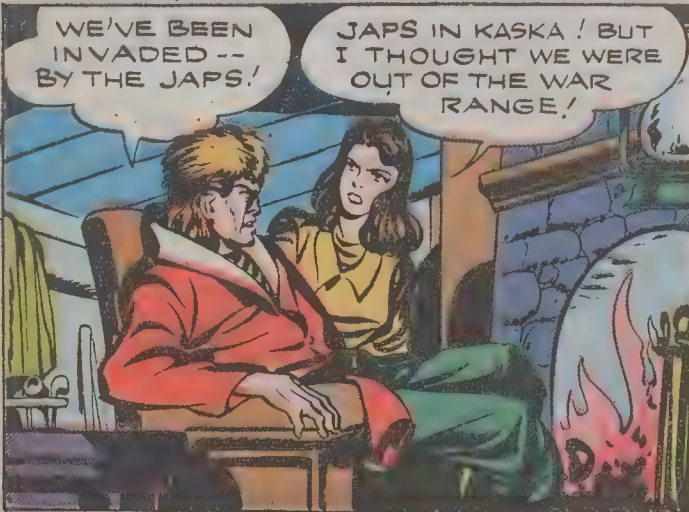
YOU'RE HOME EARLY TONIGHT, MICHAEL. ALL THE TRAPS SET SO SOON?

MARGO, PACK WHATEVER YOU NEED! WE'RE LEAVING FOR THE HILLS!



WE'VE BEEN INVADED -- BY THE JAPS!

JAPS IN KASKA! BUT I THOUGHT WE WERE OUT OF THE WAR RANGE!

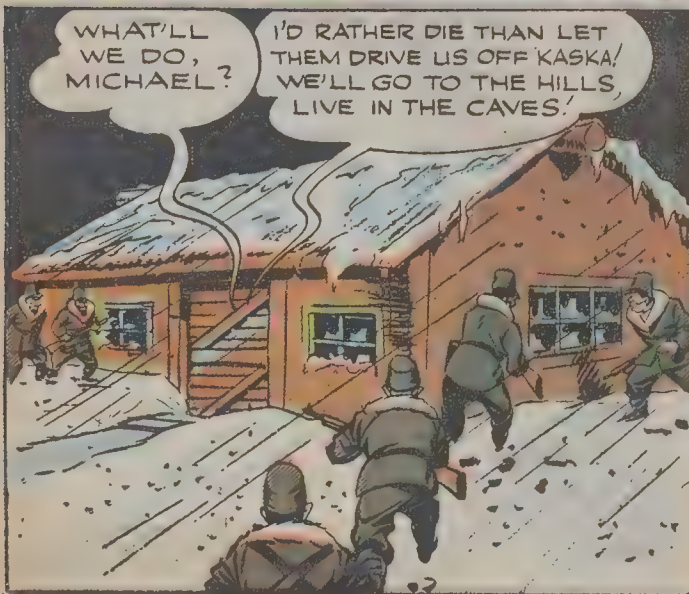


NO PLACE IS SAFE FROM THEM, MARGO--NOT EVEN THIS WILDERNESS HOME OF OURS!

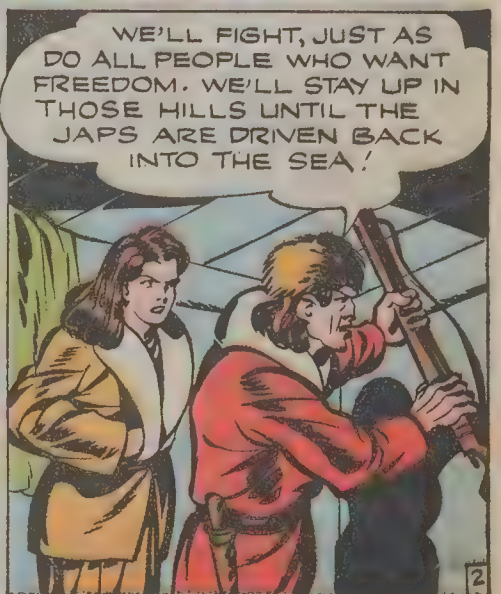


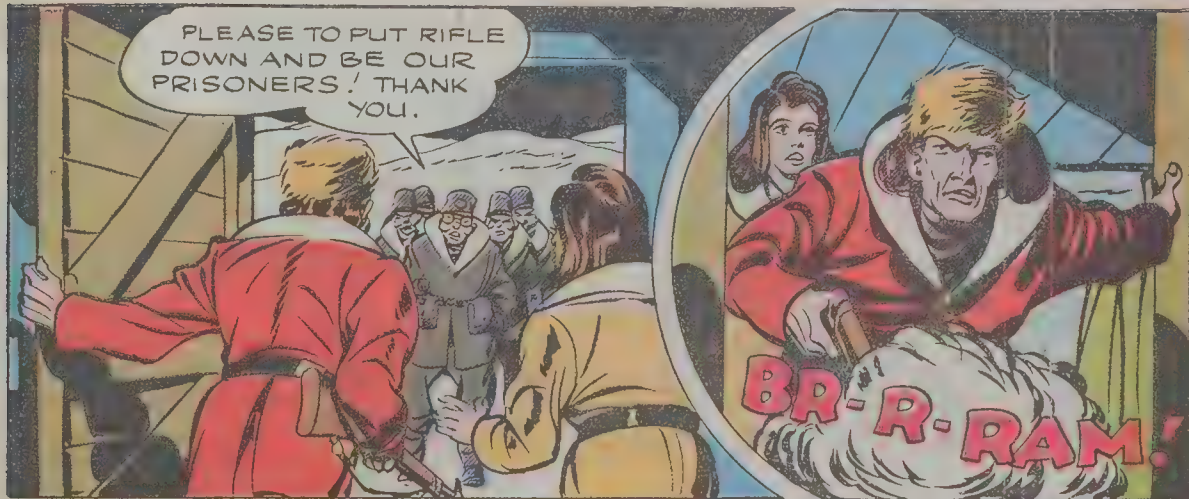
WHAT'LL WE DO, MICHAEL?

I'D RATHER DIE THAN LET THEM DRIVE US OFF KASKA! WE'LL GO TO THE HILLS, LIVE IN THE CAVES!



WE'LL FIGHT, JUST AS DO ALL PEOPLE WHO WANT FREEDOM. WE'LL STAY UP IN THOSE HILLS UNTIL THE JAPS ARE DRIVEN BACK INTO THE SEA!

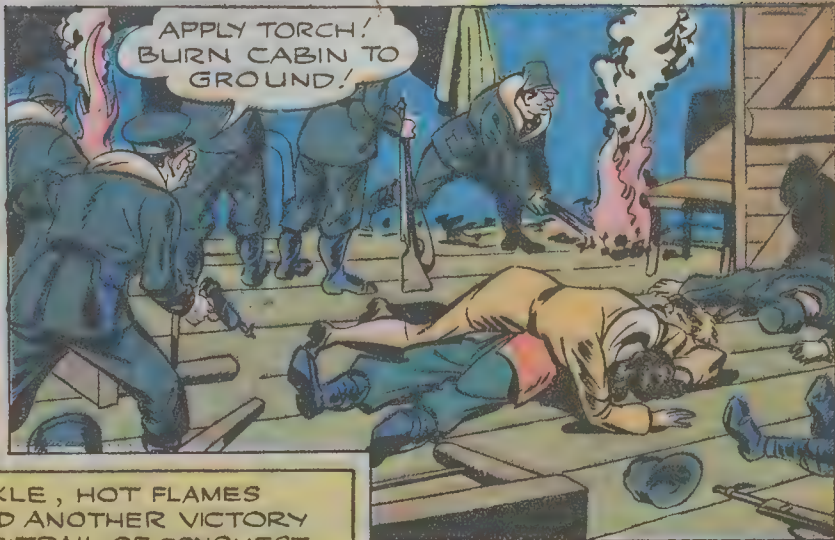




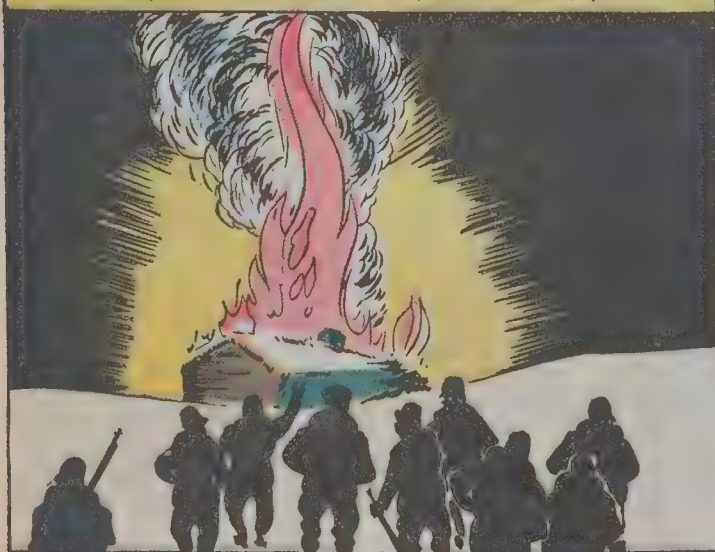
THE JAP WAR CREDO IS "ANNIHILATION"--BE IT MAN, WOMAN OR CHILD.



APPLY TORCH! BURN CABIN TO GROUND!



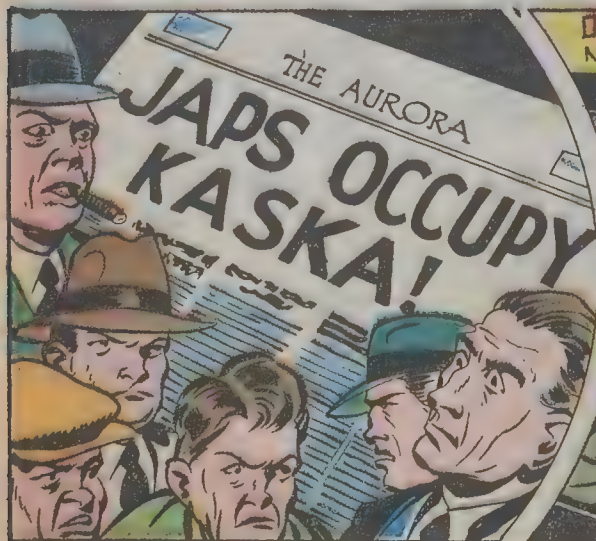
THE DRY LOGS CRACKLE, HOT FLAMES GEYSER SKYWARD... AND ANOTHER VICTORY IS NOTCHED IN THE JAP TRAIL OF CONQUEST.



BUT ALL TRAILS ARE LINED WITH PITFALLS. PERHAPS THIS FIGURE, WHICH INCHES ITS WAY SLOWLY AND PAINFULLY AWAY FROM THE FLAMING INFERNO, WILL BE A PITFALL FOR THE LITTLE MEN FROM NIPPON... PERHAPS...



THE AURORA
JAPS OCCUPY
KASKA!



ON WASHINGTON, PLANS FOR A COUNTER-MOVE GET UNDER WAY!



A SMALL GROUP OF VALIANT FIGHTERS ARE GIVEN TERSE INSTRUCTIONS.

GOT EVERY-THING STRAIGHT, CARTER?

YESSIR. THE BOY COMMANDOS WILL GO TO KASKA STRICTLY FOR PATROL WORK. WE'RE TO PHOTOGRAPH AND NOTE THE JAP STRENGTH--AND THEN COME HOME.

WE'RE TO AVOID COMBAT EXCEPT IN PURSUANCE OF OUR TASK, OR IN SELF-DEFENSE...

EXACTLY, CARTER! BRING YOURSELVES BACK ALIVE, WITH ALL ALL THE INFORMATION YOU CAN GET! WE'RE GOING TO NEED IT IN OUR CAMPAIGN TO RE-TAKE KASKA!

LATER, MUCH LATER-- THE NOSES OF TWO LANDING CRAFT PLY THROUGH A THICK KASKA FOG. THEY ENTER A QUIET UN- GUARDED HARBOR...



BEFORE A WATCH CAN TICK OFF FIVE MINUTES, THE BOATS ARE UNLOADED, THE SUPPLIES ARE SEPARATED, THE BOY COM- MANDOS ARE ARMED AND READY FOR WORK!

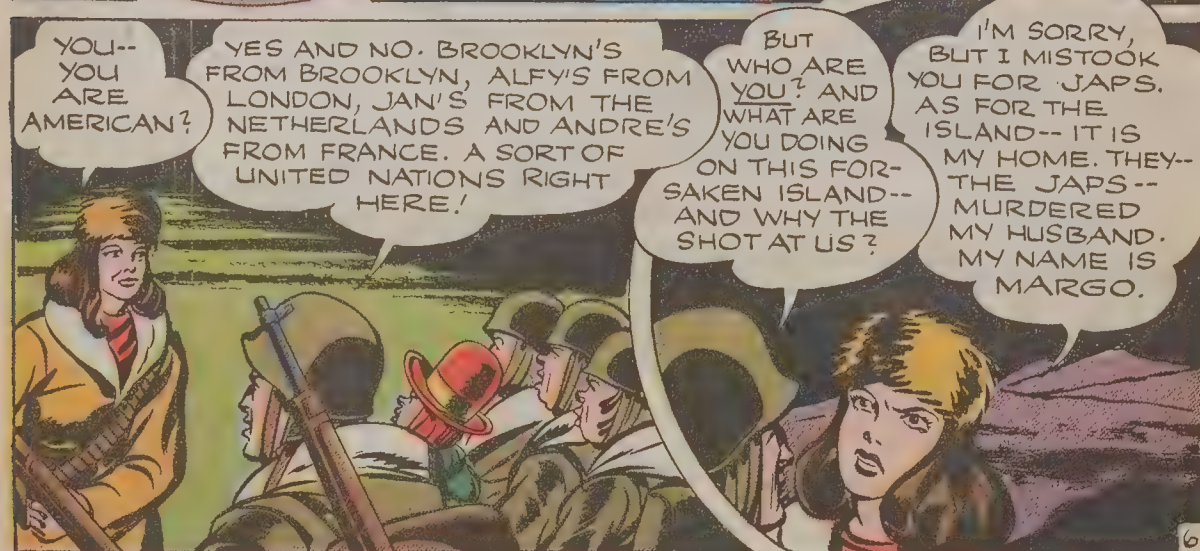
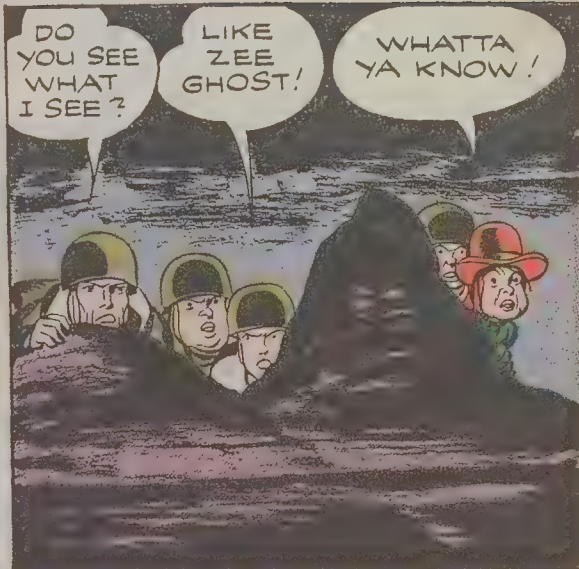
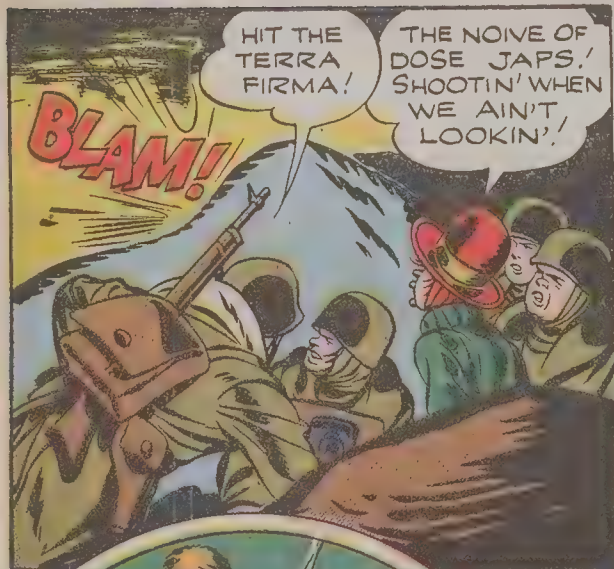


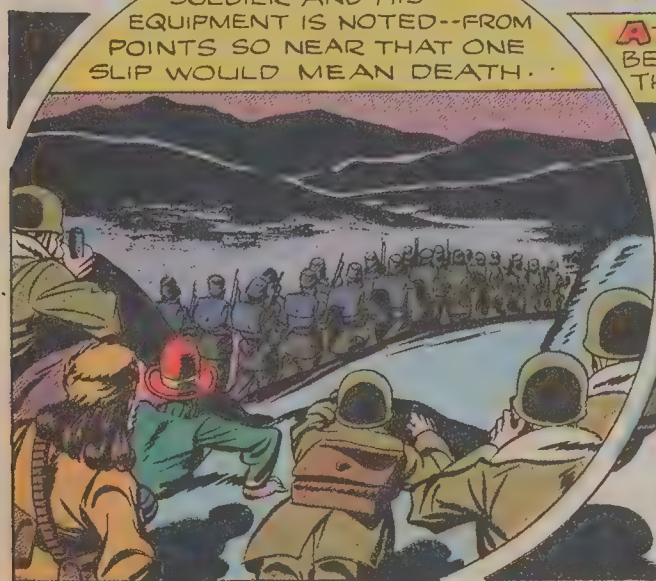
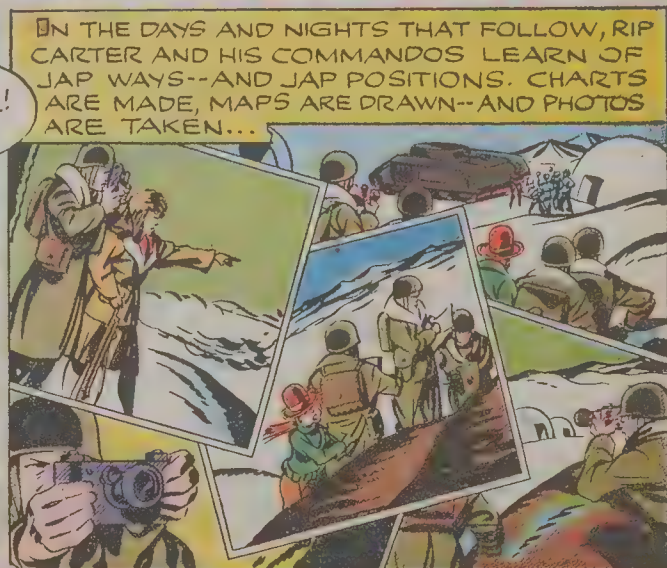
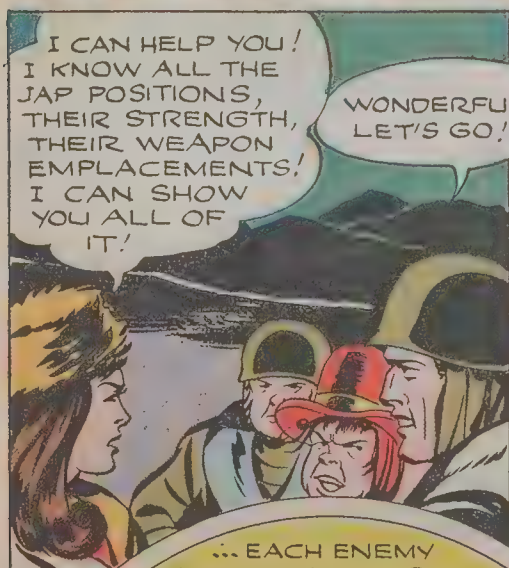
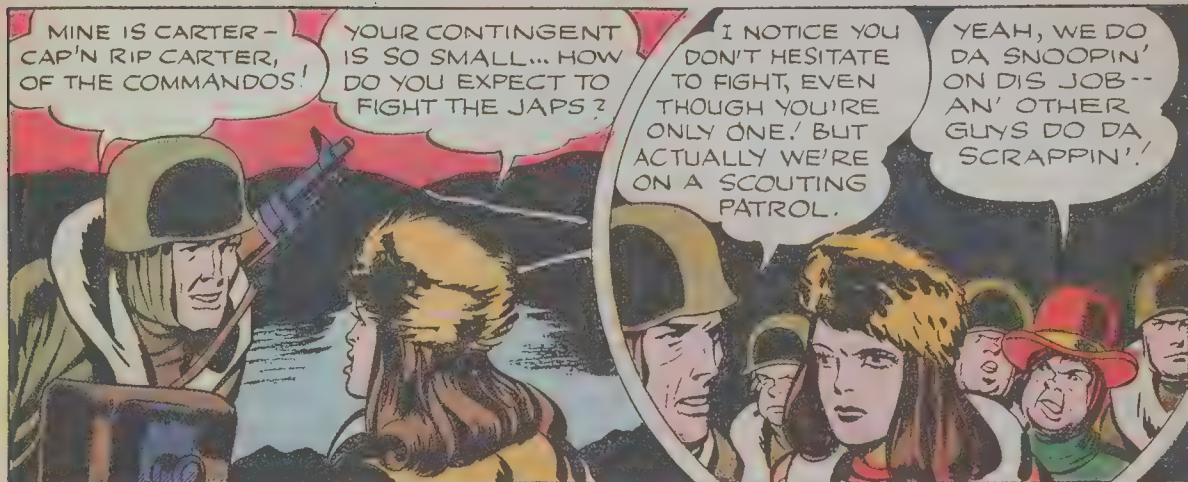
REMEMBER THIS: WE'RE TO TAKE PICTURES AND SCOUT THEIR POSITIONS AND STRENGTH. **NO FIGHTING** UNLESS IT'S ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY.

FOIST TIME I EVER HOID OF WINNIN' A WAR WIT' OUT FIGHTIN'!

BLOOMIN' PHOTOG- RAPHERS, THAT'S WOT WE, H'ARE!







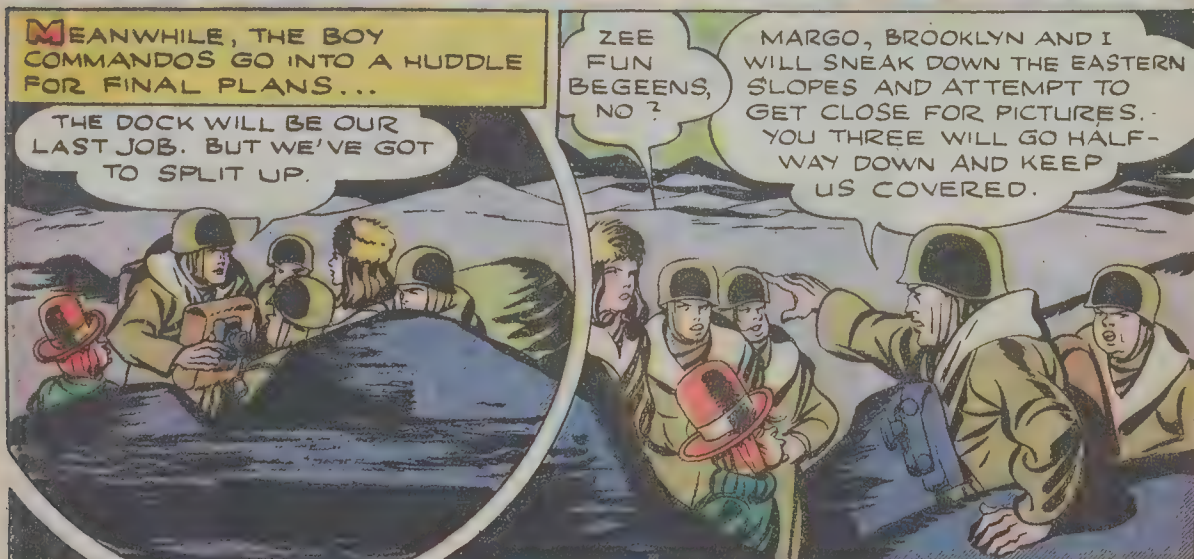
JAP HEADQUARTERS CALLS AN EMERGENCY COUNCIL!



FOOLS! THERE MUST BE AN ALLIED PATROL ABOUT, SCOUTING OUR POSITIONS! BY THIS TIME THEY KNOW WE ARE WEAK-- THEY KNOW AN INVASION WOULD DESTROY US!

THEY MUST NOT BE PERMITTED TO ESCAPE WITH THEIR REPORT! GET THAT PATROL AT ANY COST!

MEANWHILE, THE BOY COMMANDOS GO INTO A HUDDLE FOR FINAL PLANS...



THE DOCK WILL BE OUR LAST JOB. BUT WE'VE GOT TO SPLIT UP.

ZEE FUN BEGEENS, NO?

MARGO, BROOKLYN AND I WILL SNEAK DOWN THE EASTERN SLOPES AND ATTEMPT TO GET CLOSE FOR PICTURES. YOU THREE WILL GO HALF-WAY DOWN AND KEEP US COVERED.

H'I DON'T LIKE THIS SPLITTIN' UP!

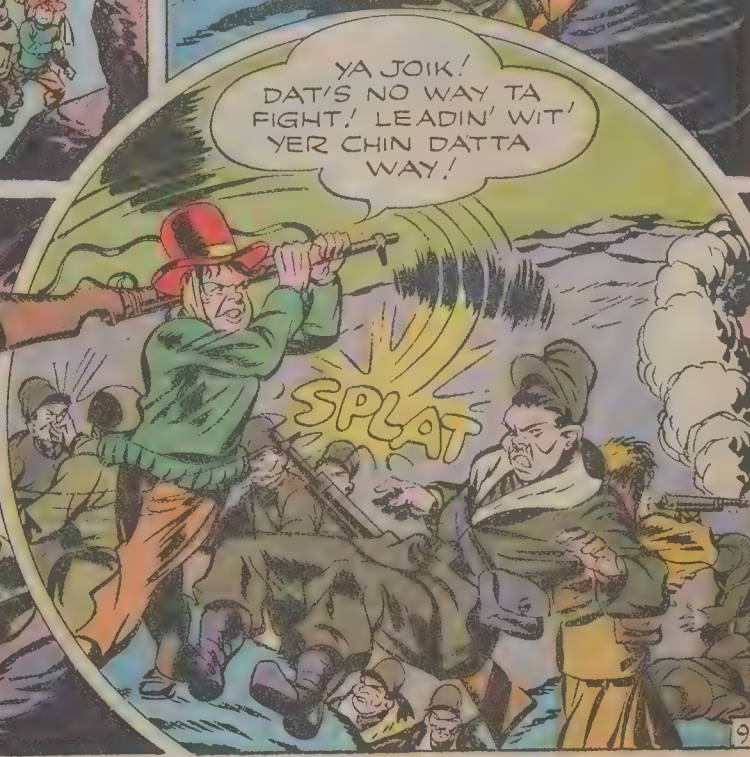
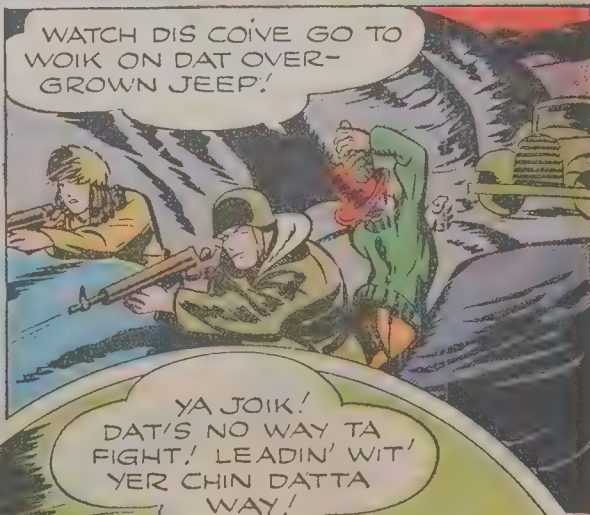
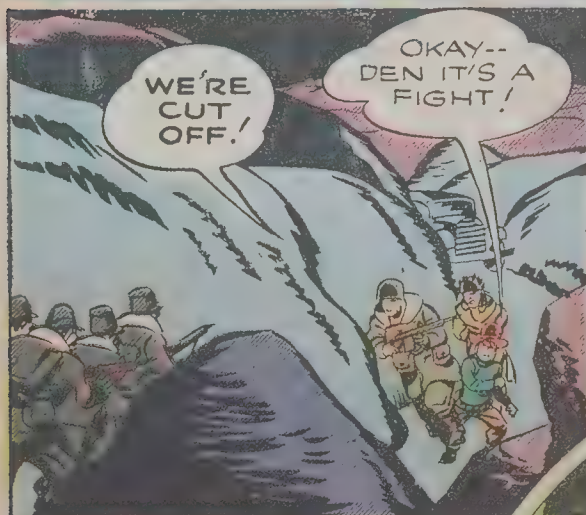
PER'APS WE SEE ACTION THEES TIME!

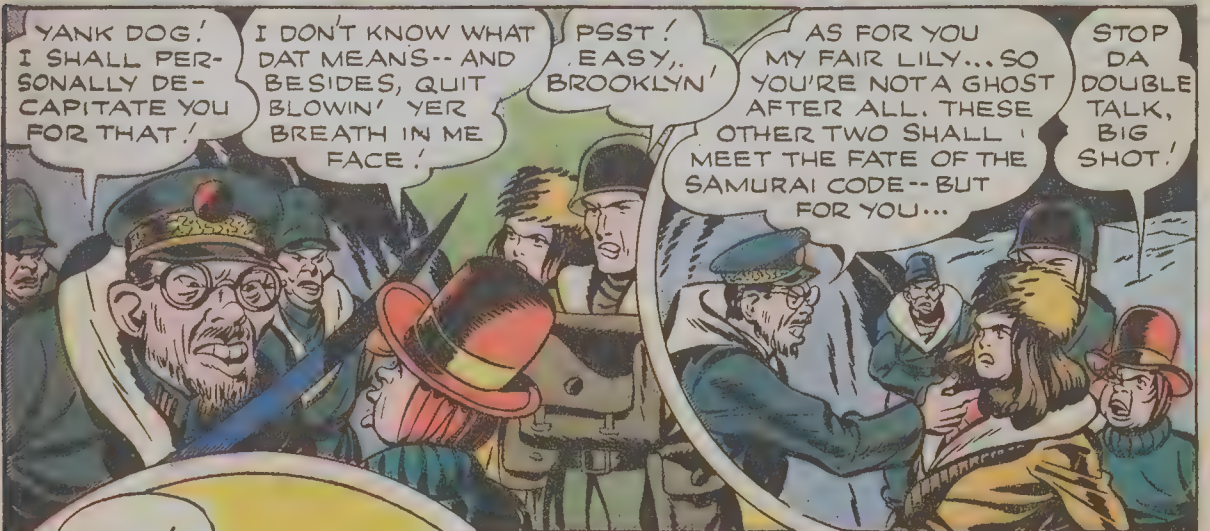


JUST ONE FIGHT BEFORE WE SHOVE OFF, RIP! JUST ONE!

YOU'RE FORGETTING, BROOKLYN-- WE WANT PICTURES -- NOT A FIGHT!





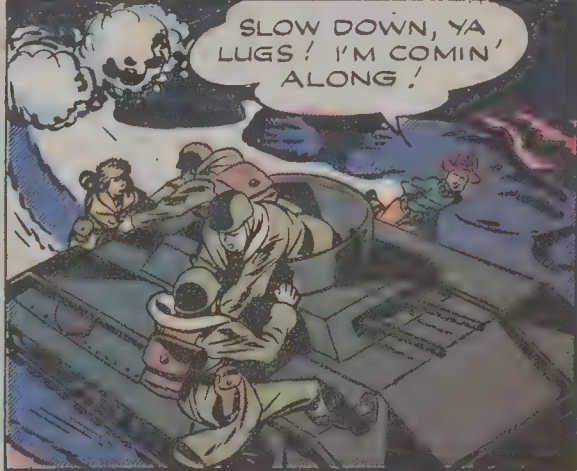


JUST THEN, AN OMINOUS RUMBLE FILLS THE AIR! NEXT INSTANT, THE JAPS ARE BEING SCATTERED BY FIRE FROM ONE OF THEIR OWN TANKS!



'OP H'ON H'AS WE GO BY!

RAC A TAC
A TAC
A TAC



SLOW DOWN, YA LUGS! I'M COMIN' ALONG!



WHERE'D YOU GUYS PICK UP DIS TANK?

WHEN WE SAW THE BLOOMIN' NIPS TAKE OVER, WE JUMPED THIS CRATE AND CAME A-FLYIN'!

WE WERE WORRIED FOR A MOMENT.

YOU HELD THEIR ATTENTION, THEN WE STRUCK!

WE GOTTA DITCH THIS THING BEFORE THEY TRAIN THEIR ANTI-TANKERS ON US!

EVERYBODY GET READY TO JUMP!



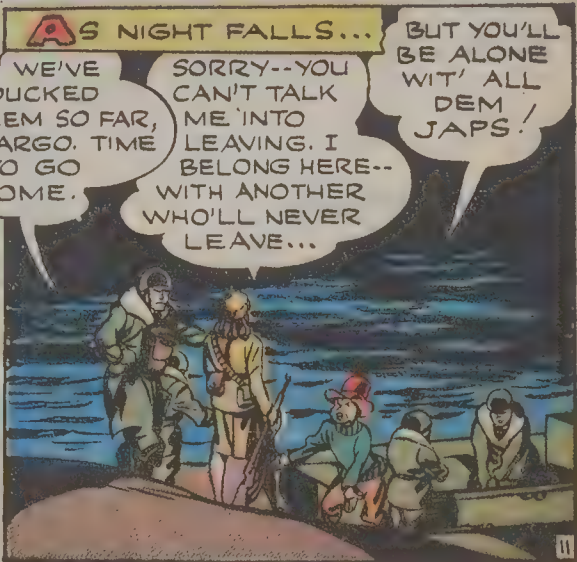
HEAD FOR THAT CLIFF!



RAC A TAC
A TAC
A TAC



FLATBUSH STATION! EVERYBODY OUT!

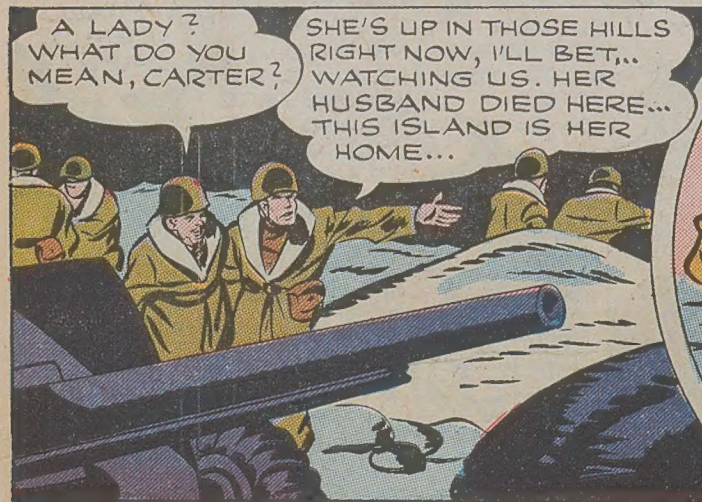


AS NIGHT FALLS...

WE'VE DUCKED THEM SO FAR, MARGO. TIME TO GO HOME.

SORRY--YOU CAN'T TALK ME INTO LEAVING. I BELONG HERE--WITH ANOTHER WHO'LL NEVER LEAVE...

BUT YOU'LL BE ALONE WIT' ALL DEM JAPS!



HELP UNCLE SAM

—make official
PLANE models

BOY, WHAT A PLANE! HOW'D YU MAKE IT?

GINCH! I USED AN X-ACTO SET—FOR SPEED AND ACCURACY!

SOME KNIFE! AND THE BLADES ARE SO EASY TO RENEW, TOO!

OH, SURE—IN ABOUT A SECOND; 8 BLADES, TOO—ONE FOR EACH JOB!

HERE'S THE PAY-OFF—A BIG, DETAILED INSTRUCTION BOOK—FREE!

GEE! I WANT TO MAKE MANY MODELS, TOO! I'LL ASK DAD FOR A SET!

OO, GEE, DAD—THANKS A MILLION!

SURE, SON, HERE'S THE MONEY. YOU'RE SERVING UNCLE SAM, RIGHT NOW!

Free!

"HOW TO BUILD SCALE MODELS FOR DEFENSE", profusely illustrated. Chuck full of information. Also contains actual plans of several planes. FREE to you with your X-ACTO order.

X-acto

Knives change amateurs into expert modellers F.A.S.T.!

Your X-ACTO knife always has sharp newness... the reason is the surgical-keen blade is instantly interchangeable. All you do is insert a new blade which is done in a jiffy. X-ACTO is an ever-keen knife that you re-blade to re-sharpen. Furnished in a variety of 8 instantly interchangeable blades, making X-ACTO an all-around tool for hundreds of purposes for which sharp knives are needed.

Now... to help you use these super X-ACTO knives to their best possible advantage, we give you... absolutely FREE with your order... the great profusely illustrated book "HOW TO BUILD SCALE MODELS FOR DEFENSE" which contains actual plans of several planes and other invaluable information. You will find hundreds of users for X-ACTO knives. No other knives compare with X-ACTO for model building (like the 500,000 tactical plane models wanted by the Navy) for template cutting and all other cutting requiring extreme precision. There is an X-ACTO knife for every cutting purpose. Surprisingly sharp, they quickly permit you to get into those hard-to-get-at corners. X-ACTO has proven its value for every whittling or carving job.

LET'S TAKE X-ACTO APART

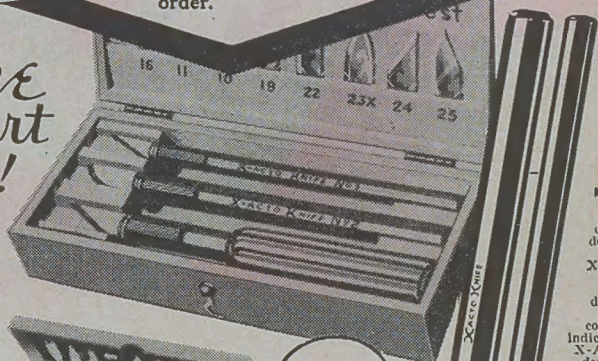
Just four parts... the solid handle, the hollow sleeve, the split collet, the world's keenest blades. SLEEVE: ¼ turn clockwise releases blade. Unscrew sleeve, slip off and see split collet, which grips blade, like lathe collets grip work. Collet taper shows why only ¼ turn of sleeve loosens or tightens blade. Fast? You'll say so!

Order your X-ACTO today... see it on display at most leading hardware, hobby shops or department stores... or send coupon direct to us.

—a
special blade for every job

X-acto

EVERKEEN KNIFE
RE-BLADE TO RE-SHARPEN



\$2.00
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